

BELL'S EDITION.
The PORTS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



SPENCER VOLUME VI.
Sir Callidore thence travelled not long
When as by chance a comely Squire he found.
Book V. Cantos I. Stanca II.



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A

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head-----
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. VI.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.
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Now, this Book! to all presents
As child whose power is evident,
To him that is the best of men,
Of nobility and of the land,
And, like the best of men,
A noble heart, a noble hand,
All as his heart and hand,
And when his heart and hand,
Gave birth to this Book,
And when this Book,
Came to the world,
And I will tell you more,
And I will tell you more.

VOL. VI.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE GUTHRIE PRESS, BY THE MESSRS.

AND 1871.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS

FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spread so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.—
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes—
So SPENSER now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And whylest an infant from a beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

I.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the state of this most courteous knight,
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perillous plight,
And his sad ladie left in pitifull affright;

II.

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shrighr,
Toward the same incessantly did runne,
To understand what there was to be donne;
There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentleſſe knew,
 Seeing his sharpe affault and cruell ſtoure,
 Was much emmoyed at his peril's vew,
 That even his ruder hart began to rew,
 And feele compaſſion of his evill plight,
 Againſt his foe that did him ſo purſew,
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him avenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the uſe of warlike instruments,
 Save ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite;
 But naked, without needfull veſtiments
 To clad his corpeſe with meeete habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpeare,
 No more than for the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents;
 For from his mother's wombe, which him did beare,
 He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

V.

He ſtayed not t'advize which way were beſt
 His foe t'afſayle, or how himſelfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force infeſt
 Upon him ran; who being well prepar'd,
 His firſt affault full warily did ward,
 And with the push of his ſharp-pointed ſpeare
 Full on the breaſt him ſtrooke ſo ſtrong and hard,
 That forſt him backe recoyle and reele areare,
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew;
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine,
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe;
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine;
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe;
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

VIII.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chace;
And had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight;
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Can cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX.

But when the salvage saw his labour vaine
 In following of him that fled so fast;
 He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
 With speede unto the place whereas he last
 Had left that couple nere their utmost cast;
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
 And eke the lady fearefully aghast,
 Both for the perill of the present sound,
 And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

X.

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
 From that vile lozell which her late offended,
 Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
 And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
 Gainst whom she saw no means to be defended,
 By reason that her knight was wounded sore;
 Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
 To God's sole grace, whom she did oft implore
 To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
 Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
 And by rude tokens made to her appeare
 His deepe compassion of her dolefull sound,
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
 For other language had he none nor speach,
 But a soft murmure and confused sound
 Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach
 T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach:

XII.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight;
 When he beheld the streames of purple blood
 Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the light,
 He made great mone after his salvage mood;
 And running straight into the thickest wood,
 A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
 Whose vertue he by use well understood,
 The iuyce wherof into his wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunch'd

XIII.

[thought.

Then taking up that recreant's shield and speare,
 Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
 With him to wend unto his winning neare,
 To which he easily did them perswade,
 Farre in the Forrest, by a hollow glade,
 Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
 Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
 Where foot of living creature never trode,
 No scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this wight's

XIV.

[abode.

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests;
 But the bare ground with hoarie mossie bestrowed
 Must be their bed; their pillow was unfowed;
 And the fruites of the Forrest was their feast:
 For their bad stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
 Did tast the blood, obeying Nature's first behest:

XV.

Yet howsoever base and meane it were,
 They took it well, and thanked God for all,
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
 And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small,
 That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

XVI.

During which time that wyld man did apply
 His best endeavour and his daily paine
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
 For herbes to dresse their wounds, still seeming same
 When ought he did that did their lyking gaine,
 So as ere long he had that knightes wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe;
 But that same ladies hurts no herbe he found
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

XVII.

Now whenas Calypine was woken strong,
 Upon a day he cast abroad to wend
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
 And without sword his person to defend,
 There him befell, unlooked for before,
 An hard adventure with unhappie end,
 A cruell beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his bloodie iawes besprinckled all with gore.

XVIII.

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those thrieches shrill
Percing, his hart with pities point did thrill,
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill;
Whom though he saw now somewhat over-past,
Yet by the cry he follow'd and pursewed fast.

XIX.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

XX.

So well he sped him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay,
And without weapon him assaying neare,
Compeld him spoone the spoyle adowne to lay:
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him, and to devour his corse.

XXI.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
 But catching up in hand a ragged stone,
 Which lay thereby (so Fortune him did ayde)
 Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
 And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

XXII.

Whom whenas he thus combed did behold,
 Stryving in vaine, that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him clost, and laying mightie hold
 Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
 And then oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre

XXIII.

[to straine.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
 The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray,
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray;
 And every litle limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beast's sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

XXIV.

So having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by enquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme,
For nought but woods and Forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, he could tell
Which way to take : now west he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourney's end;
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend;
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

XXVI.

At last about the setting of the sunne
Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne;
Where looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard, under the Forrest's syde,
A voice that seemed of some woman-kynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting, loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defyde.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
 As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd;
 Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
 "What be yeu, wofull Dame! which thus lament?
 "And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent."

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; "What need me, Sir, to tell
 "That which yourself have earst aared so right?
 "A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
 "So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
 "Cannot redressed be by living wight."
 "Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need doe not you bynd,
 "Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright;
 "Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
 "Find remedie unfought, which seeking cannot fynd."

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
 "Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I hoord,
 "I am th'unfortunate Matilde by name,
 "The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is lord
 "Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
 "From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
 "Whom he did everthrow by yonder foord,
 "And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
 "That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt."

XXX.

“ So is my lord now seiz’d of all the land,
“ As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
“ And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
“ Ne any dares with him for it debate;
“ But to these happie fortunes cruell Fate
“ Hath ioynd one evill, which doth overthrow
“ All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate,
“ And like in time to further ill to grow,
“ And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

XXXI.

“ For th’Heavens, envying our prosperitie,
“ Have not vouchsaf’t to graunt unto us twaine
“ The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
“ Which we might see after ourselves remaine
“ In th’ heritage of our unhappie paine;
“ So that for want of heires it to defend,
“ All is in time like to returne againe
“ To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
“ To leape into the same after our lives end.

XXXII.

“ But most my lord is grieved herewithall,
“ And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
“ That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
“ For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
“ That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
“ Yet was it sayd there should to him a sonne
“ Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
“ And dry up all the water which doth runne
“ In the next brooke, by whom that feend should be
 fordonne.

XXXIII.

" Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
 " That from his side some noble chyld should rize,
 " The which through fame should farre be magnifide;
 " And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
 " Quite overthrow, who now giunes to despize
 " The good Sir Bruin, growing farre in years,
 " Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
 " Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares,
 " For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth teares.

XXXIV.

[lesse teares.]

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
 With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
 And when he had devized of her case,
 He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
 For all her paine, if please her make the priefe;
 And having cheared her, thus said; " Faire Dame!
 " In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
 " Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
 " Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame:

XXXV.

" If that the cause of this your languishment
 " Be lacke of children to supply your place,
 " Lo how good Fortune doth to you present
 " This litle babe of sweet and lovely face,
 " And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
 " Whatever formes ye list thereto apply;
 " Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 " Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
 " Or nourse up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

XXXVI.

“ And certes it hath oftentimes bene scene
“ That of the like, whose lineage was unknowne,
“ More brave and noble knights have rayfed beene,
“ (As their victorious deedes have often shoven,
“ Being with fame through many nations blown)
“ Then those which have bene dandled in the lap;
“ Therefore some thought that those brave imps were
“ Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap, [sown
“ That made them grow so high t’all honorable hap.”

XXXVII.

The ladie hearkning to his sensfull speach,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
Having oft scene it tryde as he did teach;
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and feisin,
And having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

XXXVIII.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his younge charge, whereof he skilled nought;
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well up-brought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes, the which elswhere are
showne.

XXXIX.

But Calpine, now being left alone
Under the greene-wood's side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or sleepe to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heaven's spight,
Albe that dame by all the meanes she might
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and whatso else, to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thank't her as a friend:

XL.

And for exceeding grieve which inly grew,
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselve he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost,
And there all night himselve in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetic did remaine.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well
Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his squire,
With th' hermit leaves behynd.

I.

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle blood, however it be wrapt.
In sad misfortune's foule deformity,
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt?
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man, being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

II.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame;
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

III.

Who whenas now long time he lacked had
 The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
 Did wexe exceeding forrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afrayd;
 And leaving there this ladie all dismayd,
 Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
 To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
 Or whatso else were unto him betyde;
 He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he

IV.

[spyde.

Tho backe returning to that sorie dame,
 He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
 By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
 Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
 Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
 That ruth it was to see him so lament;
 By which she well perceiving what was done,
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
 And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

V.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
 Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
 As if her breast, new launcht with murderous knife,
 Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
 There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
 As if her vitall powers were at strife
 With stronger death, and feared their decay;
 Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI.

Whom when the salvage saw so sore distressed,
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground;
 And fought by all the meanes that he could best;
 Her to recure out of that stony wound;
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound;
 Yet would she be recomforted for naught;
 Ne cease her sorrow and impatient sound,
 But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
 And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought;

VII.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place;
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case;
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
 Well as she could she got, and did bedight,
 And being thereon mounted, forth did pace
 Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
 Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might;

VIII.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part;
 Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
 Had left behind, he gan estfoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
 But without sword, upon his thigh to sit;
 Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it;

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
 That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight,
 A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright;
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serve both day and night,
 Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
 Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed
 To be disordred by some accident,
 Which to redresse she did th'assistance need
 Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,
 And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
 Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
 And in his homely wize began to assay
 T'amend what was amisse, and put in right aray:

XI.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
 Lo where a knight, together with his squire,
 All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
 Which seemed by their portance and attire
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire
 After adventures where they mote them get;
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
 Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
 By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniuſt detraction him did beard ;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all which did his ruine ſeekē,
Three mightie enemies did him moſt deſpight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded ecke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To overthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight ;
The firſt of them by name was cald Deſpetto,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight ;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong, but wiſe, Decetto ;
The third nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt, Deſet-

XIV.

[to.

Oftimes their ſundry powres they did employ,
And ſeverall deceipts, but all in vaine ;
For neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſon's ſubtill traine ;
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound ;
Where ſingled forces faile, conioynd may gaine :
The Blatant Beaſt the fitteſt meanes they found
To worke his utter ſhame, and throughly him con-
found.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
 When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
 They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
 To draw him from his deare beloved dame
 Unwares into the daunger of defame;
 For well they wist that squire to be so hold,
 That no one beast in ferrest wyld or tame
 Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy hould.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they deuised had,
 Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
 Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy,
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That his great force unable to endure,
 He forced was to turne from him and fly;
 Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
 Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursew,
 Thinking by speed to overtake his flight,
 Who thro' thicke woods, and brakes, and briers, him
 To weary him the more and waste his spight, [drew,
 So that he now has almost spent his spright,
 Till that at length unto a woody glade
 He came, whose covert stopt his further sight;
 There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull shade,
 Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite;
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safeguard
He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

XIX.

Like a wylde bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round,
But most that curre, barking with bitter sounde,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder;
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

XX.

Him well behoved so, for his three foes
Sought to encompassse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose;
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto. in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face, against him bent;
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
 He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to give place,
 Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
 Whenas unwares he in the Forrest heard
 A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
 Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
 With noise whereof the squire, now nigh aghast,
 Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII.

Eftsoones he spide a knight approaching nye,
 Who seeing one in so great daunger set
 Mongst many foes, himself did faster hie
 To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
 For pittie so to see him overfet;
 Whom soone as his three enemies did vew
 They fled, and fast into the wood did get;
 Him bootied not to thinke them to pursew,
 The covert was so thicke that did no passage shew.

XXIII.

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
 To be his Timias, his owne true squire;
 Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
 And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
 Him thus bespake; "My Liefe! my Life's desire!
 "Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
 "Tell me what world's despight or Heaven's yre
 "Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
 "Where have ye all this while bin wandering, where
 bene weft?"

XXIV.

With that he sighed deepe for inward tync:
To whom the squire nought answered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did retrainē,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine;
After all which up to their steeds they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd;
Which when that squire beheld, he to them slept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing, lightly to him leapt,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling

XXVI.

[kept:

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grievely looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th'head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine,
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement stayd.

XXVII.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
 Unto the knight, them to dispart in twaine;
 Who to them stepping, did them soone divide;
 And did from further violence restraine,
 Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
 Then gan the prince of her for to demand
 What and from whence she was, and by what traine
 She fell into that salvage villaines hand,
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band?

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see,
 "The wretchedst dame that live this day on ground,
 "Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,
 "And body, have receiv'd a mortall wound,
 "That hath me driven to this drery stound.
 "I was erewhile the love of Calepine,
 "Who whether he alive be to be found,
 "Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
 "Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX.

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
 "Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
 "Or else remained in most wretched state,
 "Had not this wylde man, in that woful stead,
 "Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
 "In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
 "Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
 "It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
 "So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX.

“ Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
“ That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
“ Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
“ Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake :
“ Small praise to prove your powre onwight so weake.”
With such faire words she did their heate allwage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXI.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed ;
And eke this squire, who likewite wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all hislimbes oppressed has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe ;
And all the way the prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent ;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

XXXIII.

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
 The foule discour't'sies and unknighly parts
 Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts,
 Although Blandina did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade all that she might;
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the prince sore moved, there avoud
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would avenge th'abuses of that proud
 And shamefull knight, of whom she did complaine.
 This wize did they each other entertaine
 To passe the tedious travell of the way,
 Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little chappel stooode,
 Which being all with yvy overspred,
 Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
 Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
 Therein the hermite, which his life here led,
 In streight observaunce of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these knights arriv'd, they wist not where
 nor how.

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XXXVI.

They stayd not there, but streight way in did pas;
Whom when the hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off, he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave-beseeming grace,
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Soome goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene:

XXXVII.

And soothly it was sayd by common Fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe;
But being aged now, and weary too
Of warres delight and world's contentious toyle,
The name of Knighthood he did disavow,
And hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this world's incombrance did himselfe assoyle.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neat and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with such forged shoves as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that curtesies wouldaine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well suffiz'd, them rested faine :
 But faire Serene all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
 Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce fore

XL.

[increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
 Till that the morning, bringing early light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
 And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
 Thē up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
 Unto their iourney ; but that squire and dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame :
 Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete

XLI.

[were lame.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
 Would not permit to make there longer stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
 In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well : so forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the salvage (that whyleare
 Seeing his royall usage and array,
 Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
 Would needs depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both squire and dame
Of their sore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeate and shame
For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poyfnous sting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight;
For by no art nor any leaches might
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

II.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that squire and dame,
And being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became;
Howbe that carefull hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poyfnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely
drest:

III.

For he right well in leaches craft was scene,
 And through the long experience of his dayes,
 Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
 And past through many perillous assayes,
 He knew the diuerse went of mortall wayes,
 And in the mindes of men had great insight,
 Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
 He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
 And all the passions heale which wound the weaker

IV.

[spright:

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
 As any one that lived in his daies,
 And proved oft in many perillous fight,
 Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
 And in all battels bore away the baies;
 But being now attacht with timely age,
 And weary of this world's unquiet waies,
 He tooke himselfe unto this hermitage,
 In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

V.

One day as he was searching of their wounds,
 He found that they had festred privily,
 And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
 The inner parts now gan to putrify,
 That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
 And rather needed to be disciplinde
 With holeesome reede of sad sobriety,
 To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
 Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

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VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; " Faire Daughter dame?
" And you, faire Sonne! which here thus long now lie
" In piteous langour since ye hither came,
" In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
" And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

VII.

" For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
" To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
" From your owne will to cure your maladie:
" Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
" If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one;
" First learne your outward senses to refraine
" From things that stirre up fraile affection;
" Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk, refraine
" From that they most affect, and in due termes con-

VIII.

[taine.

" For from those outward senses, ill affected,
" The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
" Which at the first, before it had infected,
" Mote easie be suppress with little thing;
" But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
" Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
" In th'inner parts, and lastly, scattering
" Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
" It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

IX.

" For that beastes teeth which wounded you tofore,
 " Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
 " Made all of rusty yron, ranckling fore,
 " That where they bite it booteth not to weene
 " With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
 " It ever to amend : ne marvaile ought,
 " For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
 " And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
 " Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X.

" Echidna is a monster direfull dred,
 " Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
 " So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
 " That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 " At sight thereof, and from her presence flee;
 " Yet did her face and former parts professe
 " A faire young mayden, full of comely glee,
 " But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 " A monstrous dragon, full of fearfull uglinessse.

XI.

" To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
 " In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
 " And from the earth, appointed have her place
 " Amongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie
 " In hideous horror and obscurity,
 " Wasting the strength of her immortall age;
 " There did Typhaon with her company,
 " Cruel Typhaon ! whose tempestuous rage [asswage,
 " Makes th'heavens tremble oft, and him with vows

XII.

“ Of that commixtion they did then beget
“ This hellish dog, that hight the Blarant Beast,
“ A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
“ Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
“ And pours his poysonous gall forth to infest
“ The noblest wights with notable defame;
“ Ne ever knight that bore so lofty creast,
“ Ne ever lady of so honest name,
“ But he them spotted with reproach or secrete shame.

XIII.

“ In vaine therefore it were with medicine
“ To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
“ That rather needes wise read and discipline
“ Then outward salves, that may augment it more.”
“ Aye me!” sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
“ What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
“ If that no salves may us to health restore?”
“ But sith we need good counsell,” sayd the swaine,
“ Aread, good Sire! some counsell that may us sustaine.”

XIV.

“ The best,” sayd he, “ that I can you advize,
“ Is to avoide th’ occasion of the ill;
“ For when the cause whence evill doth arise
“ Removed is, th’ effect surceaseth still.
“ Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
“ Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
“ Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill,
“ Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight;
“ So shall yo soone repaire your present evill plight.”

XV.

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
 And kept so well his wise commaundements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull beaſt
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
 Of that good hermite both they tooke their leave,
 And went both on their way, ne ech would other

XVI.

[leave :

But each th'other vow'd t'accompany;
 The lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity;
 The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need:
 So both together traveld, till they met
 With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Upon a mangy iade unmeetely fet,
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell,
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
 What fortune to the Briton prince did lite,
 Pursuing that proud knight, the which whileare
 Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight,
 And eke his lady, though she sickly were,
 So lewdly had abusde as ye did lately heare.

XVIII.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad
With which he had those two so ill bestad;
Ne wight with him on that adventure went
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was?
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lord's forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the prince, him sayning to embase,
Myde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
 Sternely did bid him quickly thence avault,
 Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
 Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
 Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
 And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
 Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
 And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
 To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

XXII.

Which when the salvage coming now in place
 Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
 And running streight upon that villaine base,
 Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
 And with his teeth and nailes in present vew
 Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore;
 So miserably him all helpelesse flew,
 That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
 The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
 And that same knight and salvage standing by,
 Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
 And on them layd so huge and horribly,
 As if they would have slaine them presently;
 But the bold prince defended him so well,
 And their assault withstood so mightily,
 That maugre all their might he did repel
 And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Those evill tidings to their lord to shew;
Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same knight
And salvage with their blood fresh-steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reproachfull words him thus bespake on

XXV.

[hight;

" Art thou he, Traytor! that with treason vile
" Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
" And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
" Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
" And foule defame doe decke thy bloody baner?
" The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
" And wretched end, which still attendeth on her."
With that himselfe to battell he did frame,
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest, that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse;
And evermore that craven cowerd knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof whenas the prince was well aware,
 He to him turnd with furious intent,
 And him against his powre gan to prepare;
 Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
 To fight with many foes about him ment,
 Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
 Turnes him about with fell avengement;
 So likewise turnde the prince upon the knight,
 And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
 Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
 But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
 Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde;
 But when the prince had once him plainely eyde,
 He foot by foot him followed alway,
 Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
 But ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay,
 Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But when his foe he still so eager saw,
 Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
 Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw;
 Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake
 Wherefo he went, but after him did make.
 He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
 Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
 Still looking after him that did him chace,
 That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

XXX.

At last he up into the chamber came,
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became;
There did the prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone,
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone;
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred Steele did not into his brayne-pan byte.

XXXI.

Which when the ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shrieke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vow'd,
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

XXXII.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover,
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the prince his basenesse did despize,
And eke his dame him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare;
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

XXXIII.

Whom when the prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
 And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
 "Vile cowheard Dogge! now doe I much repent
 "That ever I this life unto thee lent,
 "Whereof thou, Caytive! so unworthie art,
 "That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
 "And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
 "And eke all knights, hast shamed with this knight-

XXXIV. [lesse part.

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 "And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare;
 "For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
 "T'erec't this wicked custome, which I heare
 "Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost reare;
 "Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,
 "Or of their upper garment which they weare;
 "Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with guile
 "Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

XXXV.

"And, lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
 "To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
 "Is greatest shame; for oft it falles that strong
 "And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
 "Either for fame or else for exercise,
 "A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
 "Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprise
 "Gotten great worship in this worldes fight;
 "For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong
 then right.

XXXVI.

" Yet since thy life unto this lady sayre
" I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
" Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood, dare
" Hence to professe, for shame is to adorne
" With so brave badges one so basely borne,
" But onely breath, sith that I did forgive."
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whilest he thus was setting things above,
Atwene that lady myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight;
Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine,
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine,
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had, with busie paine,
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

XXXIX.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
 And fought, by making signes, him to asswage;
 Who him perceiving, streight to him obeyd,
 As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned:
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
 Into the chamber where that dame remaind
 With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL.

Whom when the salvage saw from daunger free,
 Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
 He well remembred that the same was hee
 Which lately fought his lord for to displease;
 Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
 As if he would in peeces him have rent,
 And were not that the prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him unrent;
 But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
 The prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
 Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
 The which for him she could imagine best;
 For well she knew the wayes to win good will
 Of every wight that were not too infest,
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,
 Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay;
Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when her list she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but

XLIII.

[water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd;
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her husband's
Who nathelesse not therewith satisfyde, [peace;
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse:

XLIV.

For all that night, the whyles the prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent;
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffled ; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed :
Fayre Mirabellæes punishment
For love's disdain decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight ;
For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malicious and ingrate,
He gan devise to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame which kindled inward hate ;
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

III.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daunger's eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny :
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd whatever chaunce were blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

IV.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischief which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie shent ;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V.

The knights beleeu'd that all he sayd was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed :
Said then the one of them, " Where is that wight,
" The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
" That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

VI.

“He rides,” said Turpine, “there not farre afore,
 “With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,
 “That if ye list to haste a litle more,
 “Ye may him over-take in timely tyde.”
 Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
 And ere that litle while they ridden had,
 The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
 Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
 Bidding him turne againe; “False traytour Knight!
 “Foule woman-wronger”—for he him defyde.
 With that they both at once with equall spight
 Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
 Against him ran; but th’ one did misse his marke,
 And being carried with his force forth-right,
 Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke
 Which glyding through the ayre lights all the hea-

VIII.

[vens darke.

But th’ other ayming better, did him smite
 Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
 That all his lance in peeces shivered quite,
 And scattered all about fell on the flowre;
 But the stout prince, with much more steddy flowre
 Full on his bever did him strike so fore,
 That the cold Steele through piercing did devowre
 His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore,

IX.

As when a cast of faulcons make their flight
At an hernelhaw that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring,
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,
But th'other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her soule, and passing by doth hurt no more.

X.

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight;
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

XI.

Not so the prince, for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horse's backe
Above a launce's length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake;
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand, his terror more to breed.

XII.

The fearfull swaine beholding death so nie,
 Cryde out aloud for mercy him to save,
 In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reave:
 The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
 Then thus said he, "There is a straunger knight,
 "The which for promise of great meed us drave
 "To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
 "For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

XIII.

The prince much mused at such villenie,
 And sayd, "Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed,
 "For th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,
 "Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
 "The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
 He, glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
 The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
 He would surceasse, but him whereso he were would

XIV.

[seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
 Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
 And grievously wounds, that him appalled fore;
 Yet thus at length he said, "How now, Sir Knight!
 "What meaneth this which here I see before?
 "How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
 "So different from that which earst ye seem'd in
 sight?"

XV.

“Perdie,” said he, “in evill houre it fell,
“That ever I for meed did undertake
“So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell,
“The which I earst adventur’d for your sake,
“Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
“Which ye may see yet all about me steeme;
“Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
“My due reward, the which right well I deeme
“I yearned have, that life so dearly did redeeme.”

XVI.

“But where then is, “quoth he, halfe wrothfully,
“Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
“That cursed caytive, my strong enemy
“That recreant knight, whose hated life I fought?
“And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?”
“He lyes,” said he, “upon the cold bare ground,
“Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought,
“Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
“Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound.”

XVII.

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine,
For else his feare could not be satisfyde:
So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud, which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came whereas in evill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of Death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
 And him bewayling with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kynd pittie where was none,
 For where's no courage there's no ruth nor mone.
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
 Whereas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 Having his armes and warlike things undight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest,
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing that seemed to him best,
 The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
 Like to the evening starre adorn'd with dewy ray :

XX.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
 He weened well that he indeed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd ;
 But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead :
 Whereat much griev'd against the straunger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would have backe retyred from that fight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight :

XXI.

But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainly gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart,
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world wherefo he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine,
And softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
T'advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine;
Yet rather counfeld him contrary wize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him, and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to sur-

XXIII.

[prize.

Nathelesse for all his speech the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemye,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie,
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place whercas his lord he sleeping vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
 (To weete great store of forrest frute which hee
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
 Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
 That was an oaken-plant, which lately hee
 Rent by the root, which he so sternly shooke,
 That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spyde
 The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
 He started up, and snatching near his syde
 His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
 Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
 And his left hand upon his collar layd ;
 Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
 But holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine ;
 Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
 He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And, lastly, to despoyle of knightly bannerall :

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespassse.
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

XXVIII.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Nature's grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th'harts of many a knight and many a gentle squire:

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
For beautie is more glorious, bright, and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

XXX.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwise,
 That such proud looks would make her prayfed more,
 And that the more she did all love despize,
 The more would wretched lovers her adore.
 What cared she who sighed for her fore,
 Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
 Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
 She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
 And so would ever live, and love her owne delight.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
 Many a wretch for want of remedie
 Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
 And at the last through dreary dolour die;
 Whylest she, the ladie of her libertie,
 Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
 That with the onely twinckle of her eye
 She could or save or spill whom she would hight;
 What could the gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII.

But loe the gods, that mortall follies vew,
 Did worthily revenge this mayden's pride,
 And nought regarding her so goodly hew,
 Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
 Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide;
 For on a day when Cupid kept his court,
 As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
 Unto the which all lovers doe resort, [port,
 That of their loves successe they there may make re-

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Love's folke were fyled,
That many there were missing which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled;
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew;
Therefore a iurie was impaneld streight
T'enquire of them whether by force or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conveyd;
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And mured cruelly by a rebellious mayd:

XXXV.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was;
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a Capias
Should issue forth t'attach that scornfull lasse:
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call,
He which doth summon lovers to Love's iudgement
hall.

XXXVI.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
 Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned,
 But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought,
 Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned;
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
 In cases like; which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
 Can stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
 Cryde Mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
 But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
 Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
 He unto her a penance did impose,
 Which was, that through this world's wyde wildernes
 She wander should in companie of those,
 Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
 Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heavy teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
 Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
 Saved but two; yet in two yeares before
 Thro' her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more. [fore!
 Aie me, how could her love make half amends there-

XXXIX.

And now she was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle squire with faire Serene
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make, and ecke that angry foole,
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her

XL.

[doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th'other better her to use,
For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse;
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse,
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

XLI.

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And ecke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of man's stature,
And rather like a gyant monstrous;
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old gyants which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in order battailous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Una's knight he did maintaine.

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XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his over-weening pryde,
And stalking stately like a crane did sryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
And all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight,
But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Disdaine, who led that ladies horse
Thro' thick and thin, thro' mountains and thro' plains,
Compelling her where she would not by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines;
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and still when she complains
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
To see her so lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV.

Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no longer beare so great abuse,
 As such a lady so to beate and bruse,
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th'halter from his hand to loose,
 And maugre all his might backe to relent,
 Else had he surely there bene slaine or fowly spent.

XLVI.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so fore,
 Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton which he bore,
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constraîne
 To give him ground, and shift to every side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine,
 For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
 So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
 A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
 Desperate daunger if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
 To spy where he may some advantage get,
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
 So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret,
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII.

Nathelasse so sharpely still he him purfewd,
 That at advantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearly rewd)
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke,
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
 Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
 And bound him fast; tho when he up did looke,
 And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
 Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,
 Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare,
 But with his whip him following behynd,
 Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd;
 And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes,
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
 Was much more grievous then the other's blowes:
 Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning

L.

[grows.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
 Under that villaines club, then surely thought
 That flaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
 And fled away with all the speede she mought
 To seeke for safety, which long time she sought,
 And past through many perils by the way,
 Ere she againe to Calepine was brought;
 The which discourse as now I must delay,
 Till Mirabellæes fortunes I doe further say.

YE
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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies! in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you list,
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender ecke in mynde,
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate;
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle squire,
 Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
 Was touched with compassion entire,
 And much lamented his calamity,
 That for her sake fell into misery;
 Which bootéd nought for prayers nor for threat
 To hope for to release or mollify,
 For aye the more that she did them entreat,
 The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
 Him still reviling and afflicting fore,
 They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
 (That was that courteous knight whom he before
 Having subdew'd, yet did to life restore)
 To whom as they approcht they gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement,
 As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V.

The squire himsele, whenas he saw his lord
 The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
 Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
 He like a dog was led in captive case,
 And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
 As loth to see or to be seene at all;
 Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
 His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall;

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VI.

And to the prince thus sayd, " See you, Sir Knight,
" The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
" Yond lady and her squire, with foule despight,
" Abuse against all reason and all law,
" Without regard of pittie or of awe :
" See how they doe that squire beat and revile;
" See how they doe the lady hale and draw :
" But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
" I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile."

VII.

The prince assented; and then he streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
" Abide, ye caytive Treachetours untrew,
" That have with treason thrall'd unto you
" These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
" And now your crime with cruelty pursue;
" Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
" Or else abide the death that hard before you stands."

VIII.

The villaine stayd not aunswer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent,
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky;
Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX.

And to requite him with the like againe,
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strooke so strongly, that the carle with paine
 Saved himselfe, but that he there him flew;
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
 And gave his foe good hope of victory,
 Who therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
 And with the second stroke thought certainly
 To have supplyde the first, and paid the usury :

X.

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
 For as his hand was heaved up on hight,
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,
 And with his club bet backe his brond-yrón bright
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
 Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe;
 He driven was to ground in selfe despight,
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
 Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,
 Laide heavy hands on him, and held so strayte,
 That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
 So as he could not weld him any way;
 The whiles that other villaine went about
 Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
 The whiles the foole did him revile and flout, [flout.
 Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their corage

XII.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare;
So did these two this knight oft tug and teare:
Which when the prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
And buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to save his friend from ieopardy.

XIII.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas,
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light:
At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
 Thought sure have powned him to powder soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre,
 But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
 For ere his stroke attained his intent,
 The noble childe, preventing his desire,
 Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,
 It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
 So as it was unable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,
 But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt,
 Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Eftsoones the prince to him full nimbly stept,
 And least he should recover foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to have swept;
 Which when the lady saw, she cryde amaine,
 "Stay, stay, Sir Knight; for love of God abstaine
 "From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
 "Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slaine,
 "For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
 "My life will by his death have lamentable end."

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XVIII.

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize,
But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itselſe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

XIX.

Then burſting forth in teares, which gashed faſt
Like many water-ſtreams, awhile ſhe ſtayd,
Till the ſharp paſſion being overpaſt,
Her tongue to her reſtord, then thus ſhe ſayd;
“ Nor heavens nor men can me, moſt wretched mayd!
“ Deliver from the doome of my deſart,
“ The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
“ And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
“ For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX.

“ In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
“ Of beauty gan to bud, and blooſme delight,
“ And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
“ Of all her gifts that pleaſde each living ſight,
“ I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
“ And ſude and fought with all the ſervice dew;
“ Full many a one for me deepe groand and ſight,
“ And to the dore of death for ſorrow drew, [rew.
“ Complayning out on me that would not on them

XXI.

" But let them love that list, or live or die,
 " Me list not die for any lover's doole;
 " Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 " To pittie him that list to play the foole;
 " To love myself I learned had in schoole.
 " Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
 " And sitting carelesse on the scorner's floole,
 " Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine;
 " But all is now repayd with interest againe.

XXII.

" For loe the winged god that woundeth harts,
 " Causde me be called to accompt therefore,
 " And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts
 " Which I to others did inflict afore,
 " Addeem'd me to endure this penance fore,
 " That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
 " With these two lewd companions, and no more,
 " Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should
 " Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay." [stray,

XXIII.

" Certes," sayd then the prince, " the god is just,
 " That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile;
 " For were no law in love, but all that lust
 " Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
 " His kingdome would continue but awhile.
 " But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
 " This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 " And ecke this wallet at your backe arreare,
 " That for these carles to carry much more comely
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XXIV.

"Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
"Till to the brim I have it full defrayd;
"And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
"I put repentaunce for things past and gon:
"Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
"That all which I put in fals out anon,
"And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
"Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more.

XXV.

[I mourn.]

The infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupid's ludg'ment wife,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise:
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall,
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall;
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall,
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized:

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to have unwound;
 But when approaching neare he plainly found
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle squire,
 He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the salvage man, when he beheld
 That huge great spoile oppressing th'other knight,
 Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
 He flew upon him like a greedy kight
 Unto some carrion offered to his sight,
 And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
 And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
 So sore him scourgeth that the blood downe followeth.

XXIX.

And sure I weene had not the ladies cry
 Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to stay,
 He would with whipping him have done to dye;
 But being checkt, he did abstaine streightway,
 And let him rise: then thus the prince gan say;
 "Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 "That if ye list have liberty ye may,
 "Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose, [lose."
 "Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines

XXX.

" Ah! nay, Sir Knight," said she, " it may not be,
" But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
" This penaunee, which enioyned is to me,
" Least unto me betide a greater ill;
" Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them deuide.

XXXI.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle squire at variaunce fell
With those two earles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd;
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

XXXII.

Thro' hils and dales, thro' bushes and thro' breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares;
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And sitting downe herselfe, a while bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine,
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

XXXIII.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
 The good Sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
 As th'onely author of her wofull time,
 For being of his love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous plight;
 Yet never turtle truer to his make
 Then he was tride unto his lady bright,
 Who all this while endured for her sake
 Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

XXXIV.

Tho whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
 And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
 Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd,
 Where being tyrde with travell, and opprest
 With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest;
 There whilest in Morpheus' bosome safe she lay,
 Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
 False Fortune did her safety betray
 Unto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
 Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
 Into their neighbours borders, ne did give
 Themselves to any trade (as for to drive
 The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
 Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive)
 But on the labours of poor men to feed,
 And serve their owne necessities with others need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they vsde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by Fortune blynde
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all featelesse lay.

XXXVII.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace:
Then gan they to devise what course to take,
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better;
Then when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifice,
Whose share her guiltlesse bloud they would present;
But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
 Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space;
 Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose,
 Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose,
 Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare;
 The priest himselve a garland doth compose
 Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
 And round about her flocke, like many flies,
 Whooping and hallowing on every part,
 As if they would have rent the brasen skies:
 Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eies,
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
 Benumbes her cheekes; then out aloud she cries
 Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
 And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests em-

XLI.

[brew.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay,
 And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
 And afterwards of all her rich array,
 The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
 And of the pray each one a part doth beare:
 Now being naked, to their fordid eyes
 The goodly treasures of nature appeare,
 Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
 Each wilheth to himselve, and to the rest envyes.

XLII.

Her yvorie neck, her alabaster brest,
Her paps, which like white filken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides, her bellie white and cleere,
Which like an altar did it selfe upere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of princes hang'd, which were in battel

XLIII.

[won.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spies;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure;
But them the priest rebuking, did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in mea-

XLIV.

[sure.

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on: and now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this dyspred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde;
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh band
obtaind.

XLV.

Tho whenas all things readie were aright,
 The damzell was before the altar set,
 Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright;
 To whom the priest with naked armes full net
 Approching nigh, and murtherous knife well whet,
 Can mutter close a certaine secret charme,
 With other diuinish ceremonies met;
 Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill
 And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voyce
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce;
 The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
 Now mote ye understand that to this grove
 Sir Calepine by chaunce, more then by choyce,
 The selfe same evening Fortune hither drove,
 As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
 Had travelld still on foot in heauie armes,
 Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes;
 And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
 In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,
 Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
 He lightly started up like one aghast, [past.
 And catching up his arms, streight to the noife forth

XLVIII.

There by th'uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire;
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire;
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And even as his right hand adowne descends,
As him preventing, lays on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th'infernall feends;
Then to the rest his wrathful hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends;
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcon's vew.

L.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind;
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him a whit thereto.

LI.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
 She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did cover her disgrace,
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood,
 So all that night to him unknown she past;
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,
 Ensewing, made her known to him at last,
 The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well,

I.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly Swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutesfull est,
As I it past; that were too great a shame
That so rich frute should be from us bereft,
Besides the great dishonour and defame
Which should befall to Calidore's immortall name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast, which I forbore
To finish then for other present hast:
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Thro' hils, thro' dales, thro' forests, and thro' plaines,
In that same quest which Fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III.

So sharply he the monster did pursew,
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
 Ne rested he himselfe, (but Nature's dew)
 For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
 If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
 Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
 And from the citties to the townes him prest,
 And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
 And from the country back to private farmes he

IV.

[scorfed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the heardees were keeping of their neat,
 And shepheards singing to their flockes that fed,
 Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat;
 Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
 He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
 That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe feat,
 And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
 In winter's wrathfull time, he forced him to fle.

V.

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
 He chaunst to spy a fort of shepheard groomes,
 Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
 The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought;
 To whom Sir Calidore, yet sweating, comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

VI.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw;
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw,
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to fend.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer; so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had

VIII.

[dyde.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes fate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downie to them descended in that earthly view.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
 Which she did more augment with modest grace,
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim;
 Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
 And caroling her name both day and night,
 The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheard's swayne,
 But her did honour, and eke many a one
 Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone;
 But most of all the shepheard Coridon
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
 Yet neither she for him nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend;
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind

XI.

[ascend.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
 And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
 So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
 To be a prince's paragone esteemed,
 He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
 Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
 By any skill out of his cruell hands,
 Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay,
And evermore his speach he did apply
Toth'heards, but meant them to the damzel'sfantazy.

XIII.

By this the moystie Night approaching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the damzell rise, the day did now expyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed,
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and noursed well
As his owne chyld, for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight unto her litle flocke did fare,
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
 Gathered together, and them homeward bare;
 Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
 Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
 To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
 Her floecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

XVI.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
 Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
 And night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto his simple home,
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
 And all things therein meane, yet better so
 To lodge in then the salvage fields to rome;
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
 Being his hart's owne wish, and home with him did

XVII.

[go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre,
 And of his aged beldame homely well,
 Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
 And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
 By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
 After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
 And supper readie dight, they to it fell
 With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
 The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife,
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead without debate or bitter strife.

XIX.

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
"In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
"Leading a life so free and fortunate
"From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
"Which tisse the rest in daungerous disease,
"Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
"Doe them afflict, which no man can appease?
"That certes I your happinesse envie,
"And wish my lot were plait in such felicitie."

XX.

"Surely, my Sonne," then answer'd he againe,
"If happie, then it is in this intent,
"That having small, yet doe I not complaine
"Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
"But doe myselfe with that I have content;
"So taught of Nature, which doth litle need
"Of forreine helpes to life's due nourishment;
"The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
"No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI.

" Therefore I doe not any one envy,
 " Nor am envye of any one therefore;
 " They that have much, feare much to loofe thereby,
 " And ffore of cares doth follow riches ffore:
 " The litle that I have growes dayly more
 " Without my care, but onely to attend it;
 " My lambes doe every yeare increafe their fcore,
 " And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
 " What have I but to praife th' Almighty that doth

XXII.

[fend it!]

" To them that lift the world's gay shoves I leave,
 " And to great ones fuch follies doe forgive,
 " Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
 " And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
 " To fad decay, that might contented live:
 " Me no fuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
 " Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve,
 " But all the night in filver fleep I fpend,
 " And all the day to what I lift I doe attend.

XXIII.

" Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
 " Unto my lambes, and him diflodge away;
 " Sometime the fawne I praftife from the doe,
 " Or from the goat her kidde how to convey;
 " Another while I baytes and nets difplay,
 " The birds to catch, or fifhes to beguyle;
 " And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
 " My limbes in every fshade, to refte from toyle,
 " And drinke of every brooke, when thirft my throat
 doth boyle.

XXIV.

" The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
" When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
" That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
" To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire;
" For further fortune then I would inquire,
" And leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
" Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
" And in the prince's gardin daily wrought;
" There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

XXV.

" With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
" With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
" After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
" From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
" I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
" And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare;
" Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
" I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
" This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

XXVI.

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy care
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent,
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent,
That twixt his pleasing tongue and her faire hew
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
 And to insinuate his hart's desire,
 He thus replyde; " Now surely, Syre, I find
 " That all this world's gay shoves, which we admire,
 " Be but vaine shadows to this safe retyre
 " Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
 " Fearelesse of foes, or Fortune's wrackfull yre,
 " Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
 " The mightie ones, affrayd of every change's dread.

XXVIII.

" That even I, which daily doe behold
 " The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
 " And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
 " In this small plot of your dominion,
 " Now loath great lordship and ambition,
 " And wish th'heavens so much had graced mee,
 " As grantt me live in like condition,
 " Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
 " From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

XXIX.

" In vaine," said then old Melibee, " doe men
 " The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
 " Sith they know best what is the best for them;
 " For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
 " As they doe know each can most aptly use:
 " For not that which men covet most is best,
 " Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse,
 " But fittest is that all contented rest [breft.
 " With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his

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XXX.

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
"That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
"For some, that hath abundance at his will,
"Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
"And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
"But in that litle is both rich and wise;
"For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
"They are which fortunes doe by vowes devise,
"Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

XXXI.

"Since then in each man's self," said Calidore,
"It is to fashion his owne lyfe's estate,
"Give leave awhyle, good Father! in this shore
"To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
"With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
"In seas of troubles and of toyle some paine,
"That whether quite from them for to retrate
"I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
"I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine."

XXXII.

"Not that the burden of so bold a guest
"Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
"For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
"And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
"Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
"You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
"That may perhaps you better much withall,
"And in this quiet make you safer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake; "Sir Knight, your bounteous
 "Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display [proffer
 "That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
 "That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread;
 "But if ye algates covet to assay
 "This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
 "Be it your owne; our rudenesse to yourselfe aread."

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane;
 During which time he did her entertaine
 With all kind courtesies he could invent,
 And every day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went, he with her went;
 So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But she, that never had acquainted beene
 With such quient usage, fit for queens and kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
 But being bred under base shepheards wings
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
 But cared more for Colin's carolings
 Then all that he could doe or ev'r devise:
 His layes, his loves, his looks, she did them all despize.

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XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke,
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
In shepheard's weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheard's hooke,
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whilest at pleasure she mote sport and play,
And every evening helping them to fold;
And otherwhiles for need he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke; love so much

XXXVIII.

[could,

Which seeing, Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straunger's guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were,
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there, [dere,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in companie,
 Where Calidore was present, he would loure,
 And byte his lip, and even for gealoufie
 Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure,
 Impatient of any paramoure;
 Who on the other side did seeme so farre
 From malicing or grudging his good houre,
 That all he could he graced him with her,
 Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

And oft when Coridon unto her brought
 Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
 Or wanton squirrils in the woods farre sought,
 Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
 He would commend his guift, and make the best;
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
 Ne him could find to fancie in her brest;
 This new-come shepheard had his market mard:
 Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI.

One day whenas the shepheard swaynes together
 Were met, to make their sports and merrie glee,
 As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
 The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
 They fell to daunce; then did they all agree
 That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit,
 And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
 That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit;
 Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

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XLII.

But Calidore of courteous inclination
Tooke Coridon, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
And plapt on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridon's instead;
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their iudge did Pastorella chose,
A garland was the meed of victory;
There Coridon forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game,
For he through long and perfect industry
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same
Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and worke his foe

XLIV.

[great shame.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himfelfe abeare
 Amongft that rufticke rout in all his deeds,
 That even they the which his rivals were,
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs;
 For courtesie amongft the rudeft breeds
 Good will and favour; fo it furely wrought
 With this faire mayd, and in her mynde the feeds
 Of perfect love did fow, that laft forth brought
 The fruite of ioy and bliffe, though long time dearely

XLVI.

[bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
 To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,
 Which having got, he used without crime
 Or blamefull blot, but menaged fo well,
 That he of all the reft which there did dwell
 Was favoured, and to her grace commended;
 But what ftraunge fortunes unto him befell,
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
 Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colin's melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high behest,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chasing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath fore

II.

[engrieved:

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game, in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blasse, and sayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
 From so high step to stoupe unto so low,
 For who had tasted oncc, as oft did he,
 The happy peace which there doth overflow,
 And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
 Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
 Would never more delight in painted show
 Of such false blisse as there is set for stales
 T'entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales:

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
 Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
 The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
 That never more they should endure the shew
 Of that shunne-shine that makes them looke askew;
 Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
 (Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
 To which what can compare?) can it compare,
 The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

V.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
 Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
 He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
 Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
 To passe all others on the earth which were;
 For all that ever was by Nature's skill
 Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there,
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if this to adorne she all the rest did pill.

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VI.

It was an hill plasle in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spredde pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soying hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre :

VII.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud ;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne ;
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the wood's shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit :

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course-about their bases light ;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale ;
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

IX.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
 Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
 Unto this place, and therein to repose
 And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport,
 That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
 She used most to keepe her royall court,
 And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
 She in regard hereof refusde, and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin knight
 Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
 And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,
 That through the woods their echo did rebound:
 He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
 There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
 Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
 And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

XI.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
 For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
 For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene,
 But in the covert of the wood did byde,
 Beholding all, yet of them unespide:
 There he did see that pleased much his sight,
 That even he himselfe his eyes envyde,
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
 All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

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XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme;
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

XIII.

Looke how the crowne which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell,
But she that in the midst of them did stand
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her besee me; and ever as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell,
And fragrant odours, they uppon her threw,
But most of all those three did her with gifts endew.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of Delight,
 Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night;
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
 And all that Venus in herself doth vaunt
 Is borrowed of them; but that faire one
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
 That made him pipe so merrily as never none.

XVI.

She was to weete that iolly shepheard's lassie
 Which piped there unto that merry rout;
 That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
 Poore Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?)
 He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
 Pype, iolly Shepheard! pype thou now apace
 Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
 Thy love is present there with thee in place,
 Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
 Whose like before his eye had never seene,
 And standing long astonished in spright,
 And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene,
 Whether it were the traine of Beauties queene,
 Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
 With which his eyes mote have deluded beene;
 Therefore resolving what it was to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go:

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XVIII.

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne;
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

XIX.

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
"Haile, iolly Shepheard! which thy ioyous dayes
"Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
"Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
"Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes;
"Tell me what mote these dainty damzels be,
"Which here with thee doe make their pleasantplayes?
"Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see,
"But why when I them saw fled they away from me?"

XX.

"Not I so happy," answerd then that swaine,
"As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
"Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
"For being gone, none can them bring in place,
"But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
"Right sory I," saide then Sir Calidore,
"That my ill fortune did them hence displace;
"But since things passed none may now restore,
"Tell me what were they all whose lacke thee grieues
so fore?"

XXI.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
 " Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
 " That all those ladies which thou sawest late
 " Are Venus' damzels, all within her see,
 " But differing in honour and degree:
 " They all are Graces, which on her depend,
 " Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
 " Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend;
 " But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her at-

XXII.

[tead:

" They are the daughters of sky-ruling love,
 " By him begot of faire Eurynome,
 " The Ocean's daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 " As he this way comming from feastfull glee
 " Of Thetis' wedding with Aecidee,
 " In sommer's shade himselfe here rested weary;
 " The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
 " Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
 " Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth do

XXIII.

[cherry.

" These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 " Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 " To make them lovely or well-favoured show,
 " As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 " Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 " And all the complements of curtesie;
 " They teach us how to each degree and kynde
 " We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
 " To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

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XXIV.

“ Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile;
“ That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
“ And also naked are, that without guile
“ Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see
“ Simple and true, from covert malice free;
“ And ecke themselves so in their daunce they bore;
“ But two of them still froward seem’d to bee,
“ But one still towards shew’d herselfe afore,
“ That good should from us goe, then come in greater

XXV.

[store.

“ Such were those goddeses which ye did see;
“ But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them
“ Who can aread what creature mote she bee? [traced,
“ Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
“ With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced?
“ But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
“ To be the fourth with those three other placed;
“ Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,
“ Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe;

XXVI.

“ So farre as doth the daughter of the Day
“ All other lesser lights in light excell;
“ So farre doth she in beautyfull array
“ Above all other lasses beare the bell;
“ Ne lesse in vertue that befeemes her well
“ Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
“ For which the Graces that here wont to dwell
“ Have for more honor brought her to this place,
“ And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

" Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 " In whom so many graces gathered are,
 " Excelling much the meane of her degree;
 " Divine resemblance, beauty soveraine rare,
 " Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
 " All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 " That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 " But quite are dimmed when she is in place;
 " She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

" Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 " That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 " Great Gloriana! greatest maiesty,
 " Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
 " As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 " To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 " And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
 " That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 " To future age, of her this mention may be made."

XXIX.

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
 Sayd Calidore, " Now sure it yrketh mee
 " That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
 " As now the author of thy bale to be,
 " Thus to bereave thy love's deare sight from thee;
 " But, gentle Shepheard! pardon thou my shame,
 " Who rashly fought that which I mote not fee."
 Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

XXX.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led,
With which the knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling

XXXI.

[share.

But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
His poisonous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renew the rigour of his smart,
Which to recure, no skill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wound's worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlessse paine,
Likeas the wounded whale to shore flies from the maine.

XXXII.

So taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine;
To whome in sorte as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure:

XXXIII.

And evermore the shepherd Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contentions,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they fate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arise
To him, the shepherd straight with ieaousie did frize.

XXXIV.

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberries,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident;
A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize,
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast
To reskue her; but when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his friend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw readie now to rend
His love's deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his shepheard's hooke
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
'That to the ground astonished he fell,
Whence ere he could recou'r he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell,
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thank't that had her death

XXXVII.

[prevented.]

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowerdize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for love's content;
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement:
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her,
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in close felicity,
Till Fortune, fraught with malice blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
 Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
 A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
 That never usde to live by plough or spade,
 But fed on spoile and booty which they made
 Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
 The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
 And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
 And drove away their flocks, with other much disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest the which they then did pray,
 They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
 And all his people captive led away,
 Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
 Faire Pastorella! sorrowfull and sad,
 Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
 Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
 That ever liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

XLI.

With them also was taken Coridon,
 And carried captive by those theeves away,
 Who in the covert of the night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
 Unto their dwelling did them close convey:
 Their dwelling in a little island was,
 Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
 Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
 Nor any footing fynde for over-grown gras:

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight, and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts wherein they dwelt,
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sence of things. not so well seene as felt.

XLIII.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,¹
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning so soone as they convenient may
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in dark-

XLIV.

[nesse dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade)
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain;
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

THE ioyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse;
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befallne to this faire mayd,
Faire Pastorell! of whom is now my song,
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng,
That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew [hew.
And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt

III.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and heart's unrest,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournesfull hew
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

IV.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot :
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And fought her love by all the meanes he mote ;
With looks, with words, with gifts, he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love ;
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove ;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

VI.

At last when him she so importune saw,
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
 Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend,
 She thought it best for shadow to pretend
 Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
 A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
 With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
 Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade
 That he in time her ioyauce should obtaine;
 But when she saw, through that small favour's gaine,
 That further then she willing was he prest,
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
 A sodaine sicknesse, which her fore opprest,
 And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

VIII.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
 Once to approach to her in privity,
 But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,
 And seeking all things meete for remedy;
 But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
 Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
 Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the mynde.

IX.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves, at th' instant brunt
Were brought unto their captaine, who was set
By his faire patient's side with sorrowfull regret:

X.

To whom they shewed how those marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy,
And therefore prayd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught,
All which he to the merchants sale did shoue;
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t'augment her price through praise of
comlineesse.

XII.

To whom the captaine in full angry wize
 Made answere, that the mayd of whom they spake
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
 Litle for him to have one silly lasse;
 Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
 That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she

XIII.

[was,

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
 And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
 Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtfull shadow of the darke some night
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, and what through delight,
 Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

XIV.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
 And prizes to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her,
 Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
 Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold;
 But then the captaine, fraught with more displeasure,
 Bad them be still, his love should not be sold;
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV.

Therewith some other of the chiefeſt theeves
Boldly him bad ſuch iniurie forbear,
For that ſame mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare:
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth deny,
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare
That whoſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearly ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke,
Who in the horror of the grieſly night
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,
And makes huge havocke, whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no ſkill nor difference of wight,

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs, ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtryving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray,
All on confuſed heapes themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and tear,
That who them ſees would wonder at their fray,
And who ſees not would be affrayd to heare;
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell Brigants there.

XVIII.

But first of all their captives they doe kill,
 Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will;
 Old Melibee is slaine, and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide;
 But Coridon, escaping craftily,
 Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
 And flies away as fast as he can hye,
 Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched else,
 Was by the captaine all this while defended,
 Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
 His target alwayes over her pretended,
 By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
 Yet holding fast, twixt both his armes extended,
 Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
 Launcht thro' the arme, fell down with him in drierie

XX.

[fswound.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell:
 Tho whenas he was dead the fray gan cease,
 And each to other calling, did compell
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
 And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were slaine, how many gone.

XXI.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds up-hild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe,
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last;
Who sighing fore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene, and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast

XXIII.

There she beheld that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
Of those that having saved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wiinging her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
He cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did keepe.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
And cruell rigour her did much molest,
Scarfe yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarcely suffering her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepherd's cottage spoyled quight,
And his love rest away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That even his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh, he readie was to teare :
He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wylde beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,
That more increast the anguish of his paine :
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare;
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepherds oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
found.

XXVII.

At last as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd,
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceiue, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepheard's hynd.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest?
Where Pastorell? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppressd,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest
And up to heaven his eyes fast streeming threw;
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe what ment that rusfull hew?
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

XXIX.

"Ah! well away," sayd he then, sighing fore,
"That ever I did live this day to see,
"This dismall day, and was not dead before,
"Before I saw faire Pastorella dye."
"Die! out, alas!" Then Calidore did cry,
"How could the death dare ever her to quell?
"But read, thou Shepheard, read what destiny,
"Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
"Hath wrought this wicked deed? doe feare away,
and tell."

XXX.

Tho when the shepheard breathed had awhyle,
 He thus began; "Where shall I then commence
 "This wofull tale? or how those Brigants.vyle,
 "With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
 "Spoyl'd all our cots, and caried us from hence?
 "Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
 "To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence?
 "Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her to hold,
 "Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and

XXXI.

[bold?

"In that fame conflict (woe is me!) befell
 "This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
 "Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
 "First all the captives, which they here had hent,
 "Were by them slaine by generall consent;
 "Old Melibee and his good wife withall
 "These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament;
 "But when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
 "Their captaine long withstood, and did her death

XXXII.

[forfall.

"But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
 "It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
 "I onely scapt through great confusione
 "Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
 "In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast,
 "That better were with them to have bene dead,
 "Then here to see all desolate and wast,
 "Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead
 "Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to
 lead."

XXXIII.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest, did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat,
Oft cursing th'Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat,
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

XXXIV.

But after grieve awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his live's threed to breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne;
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne;
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes ; but Calidore
Had underneath him armed privily :
Tho to the place when they approached nye
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy,
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope their newes to learne how they mote best assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flockes the which those theeves had rest
From Melibee and from themselves whyleare,
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which for want of heards themselves then kept;
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pittie wept ;
But when he saw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his grieve,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare disswade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counfeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away ;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX.

The sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine;
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were?
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were pooreheard-groomes, the which whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre

XL.

[elsewhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe,
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe:
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did shortly looke;
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forfooke.

XLI.

Tho whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought,
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most possess.

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
 In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
 After a late forray, and slept full sound,
 Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought best,
 Having of late, by diligent inquest,
 Provided him a sword of meanest sort,
 With which he streight went to the captaines nest;
 But Coridon durst not with him consort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came they found it fast,
 But Calidore, with huge resistlesse might,
 The dores assayled, and the locks upbraist;
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking, light
 Unto the entrance ran, where the bold knight
 Encountring him, with small resistance slew;
 The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
 Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
 And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
 Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
 She sudden was revived therewithall,
 And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall;
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking each houre into Deathes mouth to fall,
 At length espyes at hand the happie coast
 On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

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XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had sought ;
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found ; but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times enbraist, and kist a thousand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was rayfed all about,
And all the Brigants flocking in great storc,
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout ;
But Calidore in th'entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th'open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And fierce assaying him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay ; there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII.

How many flyes in whottest summer's day
 Do feize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarmes do over-lay,
 And with their litle stings right felly fare;
 So many theeves about him swarming are,
 All which do him assaile on every side,
 And fore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
 But he doth with his raging brond divide
 Their thickest troupes, and round about him scattreth

XLIX.

[wide.

Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
 Disperseth them to catch his choyfest pray,
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,
 And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
 Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,
 That none his daunger daring to abide,
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
 Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
 Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
 He her gan to recomfort all he might,
 With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare,
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
 Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight;
 So her uneath at last he did revive,
 That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

L.I.

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But Fortune now the victor's meed did make,
Of which the best he did his love betake ;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore,
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands :
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine coast,
Is met of many a counter-winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost,
Yet making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-fayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest,
Even unto the lowest and the least :
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast,
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to re-
straine.

III.

Sir Galidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good Sir Bellamoure,
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre
A lusty knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloody battell for a ladie deare,
The fayrest ladie then of all that living were:

IV.

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of many Hands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might;
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreign fere:

V.

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few;
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deepe,
Without compassion, cruelly he threw;
Ye did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI.

Nathelesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe unwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden childe forth brought,
Which she streightway (for dread least if her fyre
Should know thereof to slay her would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

VII.

The trustie damzell bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight;
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
'To weete what mortall hand, or Heaven's grace,
Would for the wretched infant's helpe provyde,
For which it loudly cald and pittifully cryde.

IX.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infant's cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th'abandon'd spoyle, he softly it unbound,
And seeing there that did him pittie fore,
He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands, till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all;
Then all the stormes of Fortune's former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre:
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine,
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field; als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long:
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wax more sound and strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
 Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
 Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forlacked had so fore,
 That much he feared least reproachfull blame,
 With foule dishonour, him mote blot therefore,
 Besides the losse of so much praise and fame
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

XIII.

Therefore resolving to returne in hast
 Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
 To leave his love, now perill being past,
 With Claribell, whylest he that monster sought
 Throughout the world, and to destruction brought;
 So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
 Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
 In this exploite, me needeth to declare
 What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
 During his absence left in heavy care,
 Through daily mourning and nightly misfare;
 Yet did that auncient matrone all she might
 To cherish her with all things choice and rare,
 And her own handmayd, that Melissa hight,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely trefſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy upon her yvory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,
The daughter of her lady Claribell,
The which ſhe bore the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell;

XVI.

Which well avizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
Was that ſame infant which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To Fortune's ſpoile, unable it to ayd:
So full of ioy ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her miſtreſſe, being halſe diſmayd,
To tell her how the Heavens had her graſte
To ſave her chylde, which in Miſfortune's mouth was

XVII.

[plaſte.]

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that ſodaine thro,
Aſkt her how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her ſo?
"My Liefe," ſaid ſhe, "ye know that long ygo,
"Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
"A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
"The ſame againe if now ye liſt to have,
"The ſame is yonder lady, whom high God did ſave."

XVIII.

Much was the lady troubled at that speach,
 And gan to question straight how she it knew.
 "Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it teach;
 "For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
 "The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
 "Whereof her name ye then to her did give:
 "Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
 "Matched with equall yeares, do surely prive
 "That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet

XIX.

[doth live.

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the stranger mayd,
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainly saw displayd;
 Then her abraeing twixt her armes twaine,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,
 "And livest thou, my Daughter! now againe?
 "And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

XX.

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last, by very certaine signes,
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,
 That this young mayd, whom chance to her presents,
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare;
 Tho wondring long at those so straunge events,
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,
 With many a ioyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mother's ioy describe;
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pittie melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell,
Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore, who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place, with restlesse paine and toile,
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

XXIII.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last,
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft,
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a monastere did light, [might.
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and

XXIV.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Thro' which the monckes he chaced here and there,
And them persu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare,
In which what filth and ordure did appeare
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

XXV.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew,
So all confounded and disordered there;
But seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approached neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe;
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grisly grim.

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
And some of beares, that groynd continually,
And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all that ever passed by;
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne kesars spared he a whit nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes;
Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

XXX.

But he right well aware his rage to ward,
 Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
 Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
 That backward he enforced him to fall,
 And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
 His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
 Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
 Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
 Is forcibly kept downe till he be thoroughly queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
 To be downe held and maystred so with might,
 That he gan fret and some out bloody gore,
 Striving in vaine to rere himself upright;
 For still the more he strove, the more the knight
 Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
 That made him almost mad for fell despight:
 He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
 And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew:

XXXII.

Or like the hell-borne hydra, which they faine
 That great Alcides whilome overthrew
 After that he had labourd long in vaine
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
 Forth budded, and in greater number grew:
 Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
 Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw,
 Who nathemore his heavy load releast, [creast.
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre in

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XXXIII.

Tho when the Beast saw he mote nought avails
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily;
Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare.

XXXIV.

At last whenas he found his force to shrink,
And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzle strong,
Of surest yron made with many a lincke,
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth even in his own de-

XXXV.

[spight.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth shonne;
So led this knight his captyve, with like conquest
wonne.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
 Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore;
 Ne ever any durst till then impose,
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
 Him liberty was left aloud to rore;
 Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
 The proved powre of noble Calidore,
 But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
 And like a fearefull dog him followed through the

XXXVII.

[land.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had obedience long,
 That all the people, wherefo he did go,
 Out of their townes did round about him throng,
 To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
 And seeing it, much wondred at the sight;
 And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
 Reioyced much to see his captive plight,
 And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the

XXXVIII.

[knight.

Thus was this monster by the maystring might
 Of doughty Calidore suppressd and tamed,
 That never more he mote endammadge wight
 With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
 And many causelesse caused to be blamed;
 So did he eeke long after this remaine,
 Untill that, whether wicked Fate so framed
 Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he
To mortall men then he had done before, [wrought
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more ;
Albe that long time after Calidore
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine Land,
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth fore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime ;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite ;
Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better measure, [sure.
And seek to please ; that now is counted wisemensthea-

TWO CANTOS
OF MUTABILITIE;
WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER,
Appeare to be parcell of some following Book of
THE FAERY QUEENE,
UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of gods as men
To be the soverainc.

I.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth fway,
But that thereby doth find and plainly feele
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare [to beare.
Gainst all the gods, and th'empire fought from them

II.

But first here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land, mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heaven's regiment,
Whom though high love of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of love, and high authority;
As Hecate, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her

IV.

[pride.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire,
Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine,
That as a goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine;
And first on earth she sought it to obtaine,
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

V.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
 That all which Nature had establisht first
 In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
 She did pervert, and all their statutes burst;
 And all the world's faire frame (which none yet durst
 Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
 She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
 That God had blest, and did at first provide
 In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
 But eke of iustice and of policie,
 And wrong of right, and bad of good, did make,
 And death for life exchanged foolishlie;
 Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
 And all this world is woxen daily worse.
 O pittious worke of Mutabilitie!
 By which we all are subiect to that curse,
 And death instead of life have sucked from our nurse.

VII.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
 T'attempt th'empire of the heaven's height,
 And love himselfe to shoulder from his right;
 And first she past the region of the ayre,
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare:

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VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heaven's goodly story;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged fire with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Tyme) she entred, were he lief or fory,
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night,
And by her side there ran her page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend,
That with his torche still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travellers did lend.

X.

Tho when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heaven's substance, and up-held
With thousand cry stall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t'envie her that in such glorie raigned;
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to herselfe t'have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

XI.

Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
And let herselfe into that ivory throne,
For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemoane,
Or unto gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
Herselfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

XII.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest love assign'd, therein to beare
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare,
But with sterne countenaunce and disdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her back,
And boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heaven's coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunder's wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the giantesse forbare,
But boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand;
Whereat the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

XIV.

Meane while the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite,
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, unto the king of gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To love's faire palace fixt in heaven's hight,
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light,
The father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.

The wingd-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
 That soone he came whereas the Titanesse
 Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat,
 At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse;
 Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
 At last he bade her with bold stedfastnesse
 Ceasse to molest the moone to walk at large,
 Or come before high love her dooings to discharge.

XVIII.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
 His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
 Doth make both gods and hellish fiends affraid;
 Whereat the Titanesse did sternely lower,
 And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
 He from his love such message to her brought,
 To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower,
 Sith she his love and him esteemed nought,
 No more then Cynthia's selfe, but all their kingdoms

XIX.

[sought.

The heaven's herald staid not to reply,
 But past away, his doings to relate
 Unto his lord, who now in th'highest sky
 Was placed in his principall estate,
 With all the gods about him congregate;
 To whom when Hermes had his message told,
 It did them all exceedingly amate,
 Save love, who changing nought his count'nance bold,
 Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold;

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XX.

" Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers;
" Ye may remember since th' Earth's curfed seed
" Sought to affaile the heavens eternall towers,
" And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
" But how we then defeated all their deed
" Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite;
" Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
" An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
" Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

XXI.

" Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
" That now with bold presumption doth aspire
" To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
" And eke ourselves from heaven's high empire;
" If that her might were match to her desire;
" Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
" What way is best to drive her to retire,
" Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
" Areed, ye Sonnes of God! as best ye can devise."

XXII.

So having said, he ceast, and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beek
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake;
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise:
Meane while th' Earth's daughter, though she nought
Of Hermes' message, yet gan now advise [did reck
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

XXIII.

Eftsoones ſhe thus reſolv'd, that whil'ſt the gods
 (After returne of Hermes' embaffie)
 Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods,
 Before they could new counſels reallie,
 To ſet upon them in that extaſie,
 And take what fortune, time, and place, would lend:
 So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
 To love's high palace ſtreight caſt to aſcend,
 To proſecute her plot: good onſet boads good end.

XXIV.

She there arriving, boldly in did paſs,
 Where all the gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was:
 At ſight of her they, ſudden all aroſe
 In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe;
 But love, all fearleſſe, forc't them to aby,
 And in his ſoveraine throne gan ſtraight diſpoſe
 Himſelfe more full of grace and maieſtie,
 That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

XXV.

That when the haughty Titaneſſe beheld,
 All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
 Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld,
 And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reſt of ſenſe
 And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience,
 Untill that love himſelfe herſelfe beſpake;
 "Speake, thou fraile Woman, ſpeake with confidence,
 "Whence art thou? and what doeſt thou here now makeſt
 "What idle errand haſt thou earth's manſion to ſo-
 ſake?"

XXVI.

Shee halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund;
" I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
" Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
" Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos' child ;
" But by the father's, be it not envie,
" I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
" Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven

XXVII.

[exil'd.

" For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
" Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
" Both sonnes of Uranus, but by uniust
" And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes flight,
" The younger thrust the elder from his right ;
" Since which thou, Iove, iniuriously hast held
" The heavens rule from Titan's sonnes by might,
" And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld ;
" Witnesse, ye Heavens ! the truth of all that I have

XXVIII.

[teld."

Whil'st she thus spake, the gods, that gave good care
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied ; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres ;
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

XXIX.

Till having pauz'd awhile, Iove thus bespake;
 " Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
 " In this bold fort, to heaven claime to make,
 " And touch celestiaall seates with earthly mire?
 " I would have thought that bold Procustes' hire,
 " Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's paine,
 " Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
 " Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraîne,
 " And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

XXX.

" But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
 " Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 " And challenge th' heritage of this our skie,
 " Whom what should hinder but that we likewise
 " Should handle as the rest of her allies,
 " And thunder-drive to hell?" with that he shooke
 His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
 And est his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
 In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
 That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
 (Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
 He staide his hand, and having chang'd his cheare,
 He thus againe in milder wise began;
 " But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
 " Then shortly should the progeny of man
 " Be rooted out, if love should doe still what he can:

XXXII.

“ But thee, faire Titan’s Child ! I rather weene
“ Through some vaine errour or inducement light
“ To see that mortal eyes have never seene,
“ Or through ensample of thy sister’s might,
“ Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
“ Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe
“ Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
“ To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to bestowe,
“ And sure thy worth no lesse then her’s doth seem

XXXIII.

[to shoue.

“ But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
“ That not the worth of any living wight
“ May challenge ought in heaven’s interesse,
“ Much lesse the title of old Titan’s right;
“ For we, by conquest of our soveraine might,
“ And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
“ Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright,
“ Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
“ Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

XXXIV.

“ Then ceasse thy idle claime, thou foolish Gerle!
“ And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
“ That place from which by folly Titan fell;
“ Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine,
“ Have love thy gracious lord and soveraigne.”
So having said, she thus to him replyde;
“ Ceasse, Saturnes Sonne ! to seeke by proffers vaine
“ Of idle hopes t’allure mee to thy side
“ For to betray my right before I have it tride.

XXXV.

" But thee, O love! no equall iudge I deeme
 " Of my desert, or of my dewfull right,
 " That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme,
 " But to the highest Him, that is behight
 " Father of gods and men by equall might,
 " To weet the God of Nature, I appeale." }
 Thereat love waxed wroth, and in his spright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
 And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation feale.

XXXVI.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were
 Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
 Before great Nature's presence should appeare,
 For triall of their titles and best rights;
 That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
 Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
 That is the highest head in all mens sights
 Of my old Father Mole, whom shepheards quill
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

XXXVII.

And were it not ill fitting for this file
 To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and knights,
 I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
 Mongst these sterne sounds to mingle soft delights,
 And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
 (Beeing of old the best and fairest hill
 That was in all this holy-island's hights)
 Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
 Meanewhile, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill,

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
 Of wealth and goodnesse far above the rest
 Of all that beare the British Island's name,
 The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
 Oft to resort thereto when seem'd them best;
 But none of all therein more pleasure found
 Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profess
 Of woods and Forrests, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on

XXXIX.

[ground :

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game
 Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
 Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus' flame,
 Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,
 Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
 She chose this Arlo, where shee did resort
 With all her nymphes enanged on a rowe,
 With whom the woody gods did oft consort,
 For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and

XL.

[sport.

Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
 Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,
 And sister unto Mulla, faire and bright,
 Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
 That shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
 And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be;
 But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
 Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee,
 Yet as she is a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
 On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
 That as a girland seemes to deck the locks
 Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous shoves
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes;
 So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe,
 Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
 That on each side her silver channell crowne,
 Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shee doth

XLII.

[drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
 After her sweatie chace and toilesome play,
 To bathe herselfe, and after, on the soft
 And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
 In covert shade, where none behold her may,
 For much she hated sight of living eye;
 Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
 To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privy.

XLIII.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
 But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
 Her to discover for some secret hire,
 So her with flattering words he first assaid,
 And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaide,
 Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
 With which he her allured and betraid
 To tell what time he might her lady see
 When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

XLIV.

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better,
To weet, that whenas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well;
Besides all which he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLV.

The simple maid did yield to him anone,
And est him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who for his hire to so foole-hardy dew
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hew:
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana with her nymphes about her drew
To this sweet spring, where doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a likely pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great ioy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest,
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought; a foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed:
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,
 And running straight whereas she heard his voice,
 Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
 Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
 On her whose sight before so much he sought:
 Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought,
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an hufwife, that with busie care
 Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
 Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
 That breakes into her dayr'house, there doth draine
 Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
 Hath in some snare or gin set close behind
 Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
 Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,
 And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind.

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
 Use gilly Faunus, now within their baile;
 They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
 Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare,
 For nought against their wils might countervaille;
 Ne ought he said whatever he did heare,
 But hanging downe his head did like a mome appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give :
Some would have gelt him, but that same would spill
The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live ;
Others would through the river him have drive,
And ducked deepe, but that seem'd penaunce light ;
But most agreed and did this sentence give,
Him in deares skin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how hee

LI.

[might.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest,
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid ?
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid ;
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deer-skin they covered, and then chaste
With all their hounds, that after him did speed ;
But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any deere ; so fore him dread aghast :
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braist,
That all the woods and dales where he did sie
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were,
 When back returning to Molann' againe,
 They by commaund'ment of Diana there
 Her whelm'd with stones; yet Faunus, for her paine,
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
 That her he would receive unto his bed;
 So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
 Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed,
 And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

LIV.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
 Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke,
 In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke;
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
 All those faire forrests about Arlo hid,
 And all that mountaine which doth over-looke
 The richest champion that may else be rid,
 And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons

LV.

[brell.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
 Thenceforth she left, and parting from the place,
 Thercon an heavy haplesse curse did lay,
 To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
 Shou'd harbour'd be, and all those woods deface,
 And thieves should rob and spoile that coast around:
 Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chafe
 Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound,
 Which too too true that land's in-dwellers since have
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THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VII.

Peeling from Iove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidenee; but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.

Al! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring,
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's king
(Thy soveraine sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heaven's empire sought to dispossesse?

II.

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire
Fit for this turne, and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things; for who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly fire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

III.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
 The gods assembled all on Arlo hill,
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
 As those that all the other world doe fill,
 And rule both sea and land unto their will;
 Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare,
 As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
 As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare,
 Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

IV.

And thither also came all other creatures,
 Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
 According to their sundry kinds of features,
 That Arlo scarcely could them all containe,
 So full they filled every hill and plaine;
 And had not Nature's sergeant (that is Order)
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,
 And raunged farre abroad in every border,
 They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

V.

Then forth issued (great goddesse) great Dame Nature,
 With goodly port and gracious maiesty,
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were
 That could not any creature well descry,
 For with a veile that wimpled every where
 Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

VI.

That some doe say was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be fore agrized,
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view ;
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

VII.

That well may seemen true ; for well I weene
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compaire, nor finde like stuffe to that ;
As those three sacred faints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe, his garments so did daze their eyes,

VIII.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion,
Not such as craftesmen by their idle skill
Are wont for princes states to fashion,
But th' Earth herself of her owne motion
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that shooting up anon
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe,
For homage unto her, and like a throne did shew.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright
 The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
 In his Foules Parley durst not with it mell,
 But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his Plaint of Kindes describ'd it well;
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her feete
 Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view,
 The which the nymphes from all the brooks thereby
 Had gathered, which they at her foot-sloole threw,
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry
 That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
 As if the love of some new nymph late seene
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene;
 Ah, gentle Mole! such ioyance hath thee well befeene

XII.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there,
Where Phœbus' self, that God of Poets hight,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were raviſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong, and muſick's wondrous might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her ſted,
Unſcene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne as I have told,
Before her came Dame Mutabilitie,
And being lowe before her preſence feld,
With meek obayſance and humilitie
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie.

XIV.

“ To thee, O greateſt Goddeſſe! onely great,
“ An humble ſuppliant, loe, I lowely fly,
“ Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat,
“ Who right to all doſt deale indifferently,
“ Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie
“ Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
“ Oppreſſing them with power unequally,
“ Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
“ And knitteſt each to each, as brother unto brother :

XV.

“ To thee, therefore, of this same love I plaine,
“ And of his fellow-gods that faine to be,
“ That challenge to themselves the whole world'sraign,
“ Of which the greatest part is due to me,
“ And heaven itselſe by heritage in fee;
“ For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
“ Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
“ And gods no more then men thou doeſt eſteeme;
“ For even the gods to thee as men to gods do ſeeme.

XVI.

“ Then weigh, O ſoveraigne Goddeſſe! by what right
“ Theſe gods do claime the world's whole ſoverainty,
“ And that is onely dew unto thy might
“ Arrogate to themſelves ambitiouſly.
“ As for the gods owne principality,
“ Which love uſurpes unjuſtly, that to be
“ My heritage, love's ſelf cannot deny,
“ From my great grandſire Titan unto mee
“ Deriv'd by dew deſcent, as is well known to thee.

XVII.

“ Yet mauer love, and all his gods beſide,
“ I doe poſſeſſe the world's moſt regiment,
“ As if ye pleaſe it into parts divide,
“ And every part's inholders to convent,
“ Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent:
“ And firſt the Earth (great mother of us all)
“ That only ſeems unmov'd and permanent,
“ And unto Mutability not thrall,
“ Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and ecke in generall:

XVIII.

“ For all that from her springs and is ybredde,
“ However fayre it flourish for a time,
“ Yet see we soone decay, and being dead
“ To turne again unto their earthly slime;
“ Yet out of their decay and mortall crime
“ We daily see new creatures to arize,
“ And of their winter spring another prime,
“ Unlike in forme, and chang’d by strange disguise;
“ So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

XIX.

“ As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
“ The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
“ As thralls and vassals unto mens becasts,
“ And men themselves doe change continually
“ From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
“ From good to bad, from bad to worst of all;
“ Ne doe their bodies only slit and fly,
“ But ecke their minds (which they immortall call)
“ Still change and vary thoughts as new occasions fall.

XX.

“ Ne is the water in more constant case,
“ Whether those same on high or these belowe,
“ For th’ ocean moveth still from place to place,
“ And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
“ Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe,
“ Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,
“ When any winde doth under heaven blowe,
“ With which the clouds are also tost and roll’d,
“ Now like great hills, and streight like fluces, then
unfild.

XXI.

“ So likewise are all watry living wights
“ Still tost and turned with continuall change,
“ Never abyding in their stedfast plights;
“ The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,
“ And never rest, but evermore exchange
“ Their dwelling places as the streames them carrie;
“ Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
“ Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry,
“ But sitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

XXII.

“ Next is the ayre, which who feeles not by sense
“ (For of all sense it is the middle meane)
“ To sit still, and with subtile influence
“ Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
“ In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
“ On thing so tickle as th’unsteady ayre,
“ Which every howre is chang’d, and altred cleane
“ With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
“ The faire doth it prolong, the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

“ Therein the changes infinite beholde,
“ Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,
“ Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold;
“ Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce,
“ Streight bitter storms and balefull countenance,
“ That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
“ Rayne, hayle, and snowe, do pay them sad penance,
“ And dreadfull thunderclaps (that make them quake)
“ With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

XXIV.

“ Last is the fire, which though it live for ever,
“ Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
“ We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
“ To lose their heat, and shortly to decay,
“ So makes himself his owne consuming pray;
“ Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
“ But all that are of others bredd doth slay,
“ And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,
“ Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

XXV.

“ Thus all these four (the which the ground-work bee
“ Of all the world and of all living wights)
“ To thousand sorts of change we subject see,
“ Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous sights
“ Into themselves, and lose their native might;
“ The fire to aire, and th' ayre to water sheere,
“ And water into earth; yet water fights
“ With fire, and aire with earth approaching neere;
“ Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI.

“ So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
“ However these, that gods themselves do call,
“ Of them doe claime the rule and soverainty;
“ As Vesta of the fire æthereall,
“ Vulcan of this with us so usuall,
“ Ops of the earth, and Iuno of the ayre,
“ Neptune of seas, and Nymphes of rivers all;
“ For all those rivers to me subiect are,
“ And all the rest which they usurp be all my share,

XXVII.

"Which to approven true, as I have told,
 "Vouchsafe, O Goddesse! to thy presence call
 "The rest which doe the world in being hold,
 "As Times and Seasons of the year that fall;
 "Of all the which demand in generall,
 "Or iudge thyselfe by verdit of thine eye,
 "Whether to me they are not subiect all."
 Nature did yeeld thereto, and by and by
 Bade Order call them all before her Maiesty.

XXVIII.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
 That freshly budded, and new bloosmes did beare;
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
 That sweetly sung, to call forth paramoures;
 And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike floures)
 A guilt engraven morion he did weare,
 That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
 That was unlyned all, to be more light,
 And on his head a girlond well befeene
 He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
 A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
 Had hunted late the libbard or the bore, [fore
 And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated

XXX.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht Hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched fore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had

XXXI.

[yold.

Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'ft on his hoary beard his breath did freefe,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill;
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

XXXII.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the Monthes all riding came;
First sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
 Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa floating through th' Argolick fuds;
 His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
 And garnished with garlands goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds [sight
 Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in
 With waves, through which he waded for his love's

XXXIV.

[delight.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around;
 Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 The Twinnes of Leda, which on eyther side
 Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
 Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
 And leapt and daunc't as they had raviht beene!
 And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene,

XXXV.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
 All in greene leaves, as he a player were,
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare;
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
 And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
 Bending their force contrary to their face,
 Likethat ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot Iuly, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay;
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th'Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side,
Under his belt, he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With cares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound,
But after wrong was lov'd, and iustice solde,
She left th'unrighteous world, and was to heaven ex-

XXXVIII.

[told.

Next him September marched ecke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each, as iustice duly scann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
 For yet his noule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust;
 Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Dianaes doom must
 Slew great Orion; and ecke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

XL.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat;
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme,
 For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem;
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
 In planting ecke he took no small delight:
 Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme,
 For it a dreadful Centaure was in sight,
 The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill December,
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad;
 Upon a shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
 They say, was nourisht by th' Ixan mayd;
 And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
 Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peere.

XLII.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds, to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may,
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Ro-

XLIII. [mane flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old Wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season sitting,
Which through the flood before did softly flyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them bargein round;
So past The Twelve Months forth, and their dew places

XLIV. [found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pace;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace;
But Day did beare upon his scepter's hight
The goodly sun, encompassed all with beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
 And timely Night, the which were all endewed
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
 But they were virgins all, and love eschewed,
 That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed
 By mighty Iove, who did them porters make
 Of heaven's gate, (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did dayly watch and nightly wake
 By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
 Death with most grim and grieſly viſage ſcene,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
 Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to weene,
 Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſcene;
 But Life was like a faire young luſty boy,
 Such as they ſaine Dan Cupid to have beene,
 Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to em-

XLVII.

[ploy.

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the Titanefſe;
 "Lo, mighty Mother! now be iudge, and ſay
 "Whether in all thy creatures more or leſſe
 "Change doth not raign, and beare the greateſt ſway,
 "For who ſees not that Time on all doth pray?
 "But times do change and move continually,
 "So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay;
 "Wherefore this lower world who can deny
 "But to be ſubiect ſtill to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan love; "Right true it is that these,
 " And all things else that under heaven dwell,
 " Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise
 " Of being; but who is it (to me tell)
 " That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
 " To keepe his course? is not that namely wee,
 " Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
 " That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
 " So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee."

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability; "The things
 " Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
 " Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
 " And say they by your secret power are made,
 " But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
 " But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
 " Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
 " Yet what if I can prove that even yee
 " Yourselves are likewise changed, and subiect unto me?"

I.

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
 " Even you, faire Cynthia! whom so much ye make
 " love's dearest darling, she was bred and nurs'd
 " On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
 " Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake;
 " Besides, her face and countenance every day
 " We changed see, and sundry forms partake; [gray;
 " Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and
 " So that as changefull as the moone men use to say.

L.I.

" Next Mercury, who though he lesse appeare
 " To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
 " Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
 " And is of late far out of order gone;
 " So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
 " Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
 " And Phœbus' self, who lightsome is alone,
 " Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 " And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

L.II.

" Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most,
 " For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 " That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 " And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare,
 " That even these star-gazers stonishd are
 " At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes;
 " So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
 " His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes;
 " So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

L.III.

" But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
 " And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
 " Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
 " Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
 " Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by name,
 " Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
 " But wherefoever they comment the same,
 " They all consent that ye begotten were,
 " And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

LIV.

"Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
"Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
"Immortall and unchangeable to be;
"Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
"That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
"And your own natures change; for each of you
"That vertue have or this or that to make,
"Is checkt and changed from his nature trew
"By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

"Besides the sundry motions of your spheares,
"So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
"Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,
"What is the same but alteration plaine?
"Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine;
"Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
"And even itself is mov'd, as wizards faine;
"But all that moveth doth mutation love,
"Therefore both you and them to me I subiect prove.

LVI.

"Then since within this wide great universe
"Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
"But all things toft and turned by transverse,
"What then should let but I aloft should reare
"My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
"Now indge then, O thou greatest Goddesse trew!
"According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
"And unto me addoom that is my dew,
"That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

LVII.

So having ended, silence long enfewed,
 Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space;
 But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed;
 Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
 Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
 To whether side should fall the soveraigne place;
 At length she looking up with chearefull view
 The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches

LVIII.

[few.

" I well consider all that ye have sayd,
 " And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate,
 " And changed be; yet being rightly wayd,
 " They are not changed from their first estate,
 " But by their change their being doe dilate,
 " And turning to themselves, at length againe
 " Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate;
 " Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
 " But they raigne over Change, and doe their states

LIX.

[maintaine.

" Cease, therefore, Daughter, further to aspire,
 " And thee content thus to be rul'd by me;
 " For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire,
 " But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
 " And from thenceforth none no more change shall
 So was the Titanes put downe and whist, [see."
 And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see;
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
 And Nature's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VIII. *Unperfite.*

I.

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way,
Me seems that though she all unworthy were
Of the heav'ns rule, yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway,
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away,
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming

II.

[fickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie ;
For all that moveth doth in change delight ;
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight ;
O that great Sabaoth's God, grant me that Sabbath's
sight !

* * * * *
* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an advertisement prefixed to the first volume of this edition, p. 88. the reader was informed that the text of the *Faery Queen* was printed from Mr. Upton's Quarto edition, as the most genuine text of that poem. It becomes necessary to intimate in this place, that the following Poems in this volume, as well as the whole of those in the seventh and eighth volumes, are printed from the text of Mr. Hughes, the edition by Mr. Upton containing the *Faery Queen* alone of all Spenser's writings. — According to our usual method, the verses are numbered throughout every poem, which was not thought necessary in regard to *The Faery Queen*, that poem being wrote in stanzas of nine lines each.

Feb. 1778.

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COME HOME AGAIN.

To the right worthy and noble Knt.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

*Captain of her Majesty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stan-
neries, and Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall.*

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not always idle, as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastoral, unworthy of your higher conceipt for the meanness of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter; the which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myself bounden unto you, (for your singular favours and sundry good-turns shewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evil mouths, which are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happiness.

From my house at Kilcolman,
Decem^{ber} the 27th, 1591.

Yours ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE Shepherd's boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Lays of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custom was) upon a day

Charming his oaten pipe unto his peers; 3
 The shepherd swains, that did about him play,
 Who all the while with greedy listful ears,
 Did stand astonish'd at his curious skill,
 Like heartless deer, dismay'd with thunder's sound;
 At last, whenas he piped had his fill, 10
 He rested him, and sitting then around,
 One of those grooms (a jolly groom was he,
 As ever piped on an oaten reed,
 And lov'd this shepherd dearest in degree,
 Hight Hobbinol) 'gan thus to him areed: 15

Colin, my Life! my Life! how great a loss
 Had all the shepherds' nation by thy lack?
 And I, poor swain! of many greatest cross,
 That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
 Was heard to sound, as she was wont, on high, 20
 Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie,
 The woods were heard to wail full many a sythe,
 And all their birds with silence to complain;
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourn, 25
 And all their flocks from feeding to refrain;
 The running waters wept for thy return,
 And all their fish with languor did lament;
 But now both woods, and fields, and floods, revive,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of merriment, 30
 That us late dead hast made again alive.

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But were it not too painful to repeat
The passed fortunes which to thee beset
In thy late voyage, we would thee intreat,
Now at thy leisure, them to us to tell. 35

To whom the shepherd gently answer'd thus;
"Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet,
For of good passed newly to discuss,
By double usury doth twise renew it:
And since I saw that angel's blessed eye, 40
Her world's bright sun, her heaven's fairest light,
My mind, full of my thought's satiety,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure, 45
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's sole bliss, my heart's eternal treasure.
Wake, then, my Pipe! my sleepy Muse! awake,
Till I have told her praises lasting long;
Hobbin desires thou mayst it not forsake; 50
Hark, then, ye jolly Shepherds! to my song."

With that they all 'gan throng about him near,
With hungry ears to hear his harmony,
The whiles their flocks, devoid of danger's fear,
Did round about them feed at liberty. 55

"One day (quoth he) I fate (as was my trade)
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;

There a strange shepherd chaunc'd to find me out, 65
 Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
 Whose pleasing sound ythrilled far about,
 Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight? himself he did ycleep 65
 The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main-sea deep.
 He sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to play some pleasant fit;
 And when he heard the musick which I made, 70
 He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it;
 Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hond
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon, (for well that skill he cond)
 Himself as skilful in that art as any. 75
 He pip'd, I sung; and when he sung I piped,
 By change of turns each making other merry,
 Neither envying other, nor envied;
 So piped we until we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonny swain, 80
 That Cuddy hight, him thus atween bespake;
 "And should it not thy ready course restrain,
 I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing when he did play;
 For well I ween it worth recounting was, 85
 Whether it were some hymn or moral lay,
 Or carol made to praise thy loved lass."

"Nor of my love, nor of my las, quoth he,
 I then did sing, as then occasion fell;
 For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me, 90
 That made me in that desert choose to dwell;
 But of my river Bregog's love I song,
 Which to the shiny Mulla he did bear,
 And yet doth bear, and ever will, so long
 As water doth within his banks appear." 95

"Of fellowship, said then that bonny boy,
 Record to us that lovely lay again,
 The stay whereof shall nought these ears annoy,
 Who all that Colin makes do covet fain."

"Hear then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale, 100
 In sort as I it to that shepherd told;
 No leasing new, nor grandame's fable stale,
 But antient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

Old Father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
 That walls the north-side of Armulla dale) 105
 He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
 Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
 Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
 The nymph, which of that water-course has charge,
 That springing out of Mole doth run down right 110
 To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
 It giveth name unto that antient city
 Which Kilnemullah cleeped is of old,
 Whose craggd ruines breed great ruth and pity
 To travellers which it from far behold. 115

Full fain she lov'd, and was belov'd full fain
 Of her own brother river, Bregog hight,
 So hight because of this deceitful train
 Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight;
 But her old fire, more careful of her good, 120
 And meaning her much better to prefer,
 Did think to match her with the neighbour flood,
 Which Alla hight, Broad-water called far,
 And wrought so well with his continual pain,
 That he that river for his daughter won; 125
 The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain,
 The place appointed where it should be done.
 Nath'less the nymph her former liking held,
 For Love will not be drawn, but must be led,
 And Bregog did so well her fancy weld, 130
 That her good-will he got her first to wed;
 But for her father, sitting still on high,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observ'd with jealous eye
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent, 135
 Him to deceive for all his watchful ward,
 The wily lover did devise this flight;
 First into many parts his stream he shar'd,
 That whilst the one was watch, the other might
 Pass unesp'y'd to meet her by the way; 140
 And then besides those little streams, so broken,
 He under ground so closely did convey,
 That of their passage doth appear no token,

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Till they into the Mulla's water slide:
 So secretly did he his love enjoy, 145
 Yet not so secret but it was descride,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
 Who, wondrous wroth for that so foul despight,
 In great avenge did roll down from his hill
 Huge mighty stones, the which encomber might 150
 His passage, and his water-courses spill;
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scatter'd all to nought,
 And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
 Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought." 155

Which having said, him Thestylis bespake;
 "Now by my life this was a merry lay,
 Worthy of Colin's self, that did it make;
 But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
 What ditty did that other shepherd sing; 160
 For I do covet most the same to hear,
 As men use most to covet foreign thing."
 "That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.

His song was a lamentable lay
 Of great unkindness, and of usage hard 165
 Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,
 Which from her presence faultless him debarr'd;
 And ever and anon, with singults rise,
 He cried out, to make his under-song,
 Ah! my love's queen, and goddess of my life; 170
 Who shall me pity, when thou doost me wrong?"

Then 'gan a gentle bonny las to speak,
That Martine hight. "Right well he fure did plain,
That could great Cynthia's fore displeasure break,
And move to take him to her grace again. 175
But tell on further, Colin, as befel

'Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence dissuade."

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,

He 'gan to cast great liking to my lore, 180

And great disliking to my luckless lot,

That banish'd had my self like wight forelore,

Into that waste, where I was quite forgot;

The which to leave thenceforth he counsel'd me,

Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardful, 185

And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,

Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful,

Besides her peerless skill in making well,

And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,

Such as all womankind did far excel, 190

Such as the world admir'd, and praised it:

So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,

He me persuaded forth with him to fare:

Nought took I with me but mine oaten quill,

Small needments else need shepherds to prepare: 195

So to the sea we came; the sea, that is,

A world of waters heaped up on high,

Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,

Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

"And is the sea, quoth Coridon, so fearful?" 200
 "Fearful much more, quoth he, than heart can fear;
 Thousand wild beasts, with deep mouths gaping direful,
 Therein still wait, poor passengers to tear.
 Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold
 Before he die, already dead with fear, 205
 And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there:
 And yet as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
 Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in the seawandering streams
 Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell: 211
 For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
 Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
 Dancing upon the water's back to land,
 As if it scorn'd the danger of the same; 215
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
 Glewed together with some subtle matter;
 Yet had it arms, and wings, and head, and tail,
 And life to move it self upon the water.
 Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was!
 That neither car'd for wind, nor hail, nor rain, 221
 Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did pass
 So proudly, that she made them rore again.
 The same aboard us gently did receive,
 And without harm us far away did bear, 225
 So far, that land, our mother, us did leave,
 And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.

Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
That shepherd I besought to me to tell
Under what sky, or in what world, we were, 230
In which I saw no living people dwell;
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdes that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his lady, and his life's regent. 235

If then, quoth I, a shepherdes she be,
Where be the flocks and herds which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheep?
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges high, 240
On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed;
Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
Which in the bosom of the billows breed:
Of them the shepherd which has charge in chief
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn, 245
At sound whereof they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking seales and porcpisces together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard 250
Compelling them which way he list, and whither;
And I, among the rest of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assign'd,
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithful mind. 255

Besides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly born,
And of immortal race, do still attend
To wash fair Cynthia's sheep when they be shorn,
And fold them up when they have made an end.
Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia serve 260
At sea, besides a thousand more at land;
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wonder much, till wondering more
And more, at length we land far off descryde, 265
Which sight much gladdened me; for much afore
I fear'd lest land we never should have eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had known.
We Lynday pass, by that same name is ment 270
An island which the first to west was shown;
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floating amid the sea in jeopardy,
And round about with mighty white rocks hend,
Against the sea's encroaching cruelty : 275
Those same, the shepherd told me, were the fields
In which Dame Cynthia her land-herds fed,
Fair goodly fields, than which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitful to be red :
The first of which we nigh approached was 280
An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,
Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea :

There did a lofty mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heap of stones uprear, 285
That seem'd amid the farges for to fleet,
Much greater than that frame which us did bear;
There did our ship her fruitful womb unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthia's land."

"What land is that thou meanst? then Cuddy said,
And is there other than whereon we stand?" 291

"Ah! Cuddy, then quoth Colin, thou'st a son,
That hast not seen least part of Nature's work:
Much more there is unken'd than thou dost know,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurk:
For that same land much larger is than this, 296
And other men, and beasts, and birds, doth feed:
There fruitful corn, fair trees, fresh herbage, is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides, most goodly rivers there appear, 300
No whit inferior to thy Fanchin's praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla clear:
Nought hast thou, foolish Boy! seen in thy days."

"But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heaven likewise there all one? 305
And if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wonne?"

"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,
Quoth he, abound in that same land than this;
For there all happy peace and plenteous store 310
Conspire in one to make contented bliss;

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No wailing there, nor wretchedness, is heard,
No bloody issues, nor no leprogies,
No grisly famine, nor no raging sword,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries: 315

The shepherds there abroad may safely lie
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger;
No ravenous wolves the goodman's hope destroy,
Nor outlaws fell affray the forest-ranger:

There learned arts do flourish in great honour, 320
And poets' wits are had in peerless price;
Religion hath lay-powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.

For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
Had people grace it gratefully to use; 325
For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
But graceless men them greatly do abuse."

"But say on further, then, said Corylas,
The rest of thine adventures that betided."

"Forth on our voyage we by land did pass, 330
Quoth he, as that same shepherd still us guided,
Until that we to Cynthia's presence came,
Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame;
Such greatness I cannot compare to ought: 335

But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lillies
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With roses dight, and goolds, and daffadilies;

Or like the circlet of a turtle true, 340
 In which all colours of the rainbow be;
 Or like fair Phœbe's girlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vain it is to think by paragon
 Of earthly things to judge of things divine: 345
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
 Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepherd! bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
 More fit it is t'adore with humble mind 350
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying, " By wondring at thy Cynthia's praise,
 Colin, thy self thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising doost thy self upraise. 355
 But let us hear what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepherd strange thy cause advanc'd."
 "The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanc'd,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her ear, 360
 That she thenceforth therein can take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely hours to hear,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
 For not by measure of her own great mind,
 And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song, 365
 But ioy'd that country shepherd ought could find
 Worth hearkening to emongst that learned throng."

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" Why, said Alexis, then, what needeth she,
That is so great a shepherdess her self,
And hath so many shepherds in her see, 370
To hear thee sing, a simple silly elf?

Or be the shepherds which do serve her laisie,
That they list not their merry pipes apply?
Or be their pipes untuneable and craisie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?" 375

" Ah! nay, said Colin, neither so nor so;
For better shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.

There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged 380
In faithful service of fair Cynthia,
And there is Coridon, but meanly waged,
Yet a blest wit of most I know this day:

And there is sad Alcyon, bent to mourn,
Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie, 385
Whose gentle spright for Daphne's death doth tourn
Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of pittie.

Ah! pensive Boy! pursue that brave conceit,
In thy sweet eglantine of meriflure;
List up thy notes unto their wonted hight, 390
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.

There eke is Palin, worthy of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill,
And there is pleasing Aleon, could he raise
His tunes from layes to matter of more skill. 395

And there is old Palemon, free from spight,
 Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew,
 Yet he himself may rewed be more right,
 That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
 And there is Alabaster, throughly taught 400
 In all his skill, though knowen yet to few,
 Yet were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
 His Eliseis would be read anew:
 Who lives that can match that heroick song
 Which he hath of that mighty princeſs made? 405
 O dearest Dread! do not thy ſelf that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie ſo in hidden ſhade,
 But call it forth; O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glory, which he hath begun,
 That when he finiſht hath as it ſhould be, 410
 No braver poem can be under ſun:
 Nor Po nor Tyber's ſwans ſo much renown'd,
 Nor all the brood of Greece ſo highly prais'd,
 Can match that Muſe, when it with bayes is crown'd
 And to the pitch of her perfection rais'd 415
 And there is a new ſhepherd late up ſprong,
 The which doth all afore him far ſurpaſs,
 Appearing well in that well-tuned ſong,
 Which late he ſung unto a ſcornful laſs:
 Yet doth his trembling Muſe but lowly flie, 420
 As daring not too raſhly mount on hight,
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
 In love's ſoft layes, and looſer thoughts delight.

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Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what course thou please thy self advance, 425

But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is
That spends his wit in love's consuming smart;
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his, 430
That can impierce a prince's mighty heart.
There also is (ah! no, he is not now!)

But since I said he is he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amarillis left to mone! 435

Help, O ye Shepherds! help ye all in this,
Help Amarillis this her loss to mourn;
Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,
Amyntas! flower of shepherds pride forlorn:
He, whilst he lived, was the noblest swain 440
That ever piped on an oaten quill;

Both did he other which could pipe maintain,
And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.
And there, though last, not least, is Action,
A gentler shepherd may no where be found, 445
Whose Muse full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himself heroically found.

All these, and many others moe remain,
Now after Astrofell is dead and gone;
But while as Astrofell did live and reign, 450
Amongst all these was none his paragon.

All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
 And do their Cynthia immortal make,
 Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
 Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's sake." 455

Then spake a lovely lass, hight Lucida;
 "Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hast told,
 Which favour thee and honour Cynthia;
 But of so many nymphs which she doth hold
 In her retinew, thou hast nothing said, 460
 That seems with none of them thou favour foundest,
 Or art ingrateful to each gentle maid,
 That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

"Ah! far be it, quoth Colin Clout, from me,
 That I of gentle maids should ill deserve, 465
 For that my self I do profess to be
 Vassal to one whom all my days I serve;
 The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
 The flowre of virtue and pure chastitie;
 The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love, 470
 The pearl of peerless grace and modesty;
 To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
 To her my heart I nightly martyrize;
 To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice; 475
 My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is she,
 And I her's ever only, ever one;
 One ever I, all vowed her's to be,
 One ever I, and other's never none.

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Then thus Melissa said, " Thrice happy maid, 480
Whom thou doost so enforce to deify;
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou hast made
Her name to eccho unto heaven high:
But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace?"

" They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well, 485
That all I praise; but in the highest place
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearls of Inde, or gold of Opher, 490
And in her sex more wonderful and rare.
Ne less praise-worthy I Theana read,
Whose goodly beams tho' they be over-dight
With mourning stole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darksome veil do glister bright: 495
She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
Excelling most in glory and great light;
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Court's chief girlond, with all vertues dight;
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefeft grace 500
Doth hold, and next unto her self advance;
Well worthy she so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne less praise-worthy is her sister dear,
Fair Marian, the Muses' only dearling, 505
Whose beauty shineth as the morning clear,
With silver dew upon the roses pearling.

Ne less praise-worthy is Mansilia,
 Best known by bearing up great Cynthia's train;
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida 510
 Upon her neece's death I did complain:
 She is the pattern of true womanhead,
 And only mirror of femininity,
 Worthy next after Cynthia to tredd,
 As she is next her in nobility. 515
 Ne less praise-worthy Galathea seems
 Than best of all that honourable crew;
 Fair Galathea! with bright shining beams,
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view:
 She there then waited upon Cynthia, 520
 Yet there is not her wonne; but here with us
 About the borders of our rich Cosma,
 Now made of Maa, the nymph delicious.
 Ne less praise-worthy fair Neæra is;
 Neæra! ours, not theirs, though there she be; 525
 For of the famous Shure the nymph she is,
 For high desert advaunst to that degree:
 She is the bloom of grace and curtsie,
 Adorned with all honourable parts;
 She is the branch of true nobility, 530
 Belov'd of high and low with faithful hearts.
 Ne less praise-worthy Stella do I read,
 Tho' nought my praises of her needed are,
 Whom verse of noblest shepherd, lately dead,
 Hath prais'd, and rais'd above each other starre. 535

Ne less praise-worthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast my self to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie,
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amarillis. 540
Phyllis the fair is eldest of the three;
The next to her is bountiful-Charillis;
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the flow'r of rare perfection,
Fair spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight, 545
That with their beauty's amorous reflection
Bereave of sense each rash beholder's sight;
But sweet Charillis is the paragone
Of peerless price and ornament of praise,
Admir'd of all, yet envied of none, 550
Through the mild temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swain,
The which art of so rich a spoil posselt,
And it embracing dear without disdain,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast! 555
Of all the shepherds' daughters which there be,
(And yet there be the fairest under sky,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see)
A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eye;
She is the pride and primrose of the rest, 560
Made by the Maker self, to be admired;
And like a goodly beaçon high addrest,
'That is with sparks of heavenly beauty fired.

But Amarillis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread, 565
 That freed is from Cupid's yoke by Fate,
 Since which he doth new bands' adventure dread.
 Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that prais'd diversly apart,
 In her thou mayst them all assembled see, 570
 And seal'd up in the treasure of her heart,
 Ne thee less worthy, gentle Flavia!
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteem.
 Ne thee less worthy, curteous Candida!
 For thy true love and loyalty I deem. 575
 Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
 Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended;
 But if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would fail me ere I half had ended;
 Therefore in closure of a thankful mind 580
 I deem it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrin'd,
 Than by discourse them to indignify."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake;
 "Colin, well worthy were those goodly favours 585
 Bestow'd on thee, that so of them doost make,
 And them requitest with thy thankful labours;
 But of great Cynthia's goodness and high grace
 Finish the story which thou hast begun."

"More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case 590
 How to begin, than know how to have done;

For every gift, and every goodly meed
 Which she on me bestow'd demands a day,
 And every day in which she did a deed
 Demands a year it duly to display. 595
 Her words were like a stream of hony fleeting,
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
 Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
 And eke to make the dead again alive.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes 600
 Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine,
 Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
 Forth-looking through the window of the East, 605
 When first the fleecie cattle have begun
 Upon the perled gras to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincense,
 Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours, mounts fro thence
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies: 611
 There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her own creation,
 Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an angel in all form and fashion." 615

"Colin, said Cuddy, then thou hast forgot
 Thy self, me seems, too much, to mount so hie;
 Such lofty flight base shepherd seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields to angels and to sky."

“ True, answer'd he ; but her great excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might,
That being fill'd with furious insolence,
I feel my self like one yrap't in spright :
For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speak it fitly forth ; 625
And when I speak of her what I have thought,
I cannot think according to her worth :
Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death these vital bands shall break, 630
Her name recorded I will leave for ever :
Her name in every tree I will endoss,
That as the trees do grow her name may grow,
And in the ground each where will it engross,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know. 635
The speaking woods and murmuring waters-fall
Her name I'll teach in known terms to frame ;
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
I'll teach to call for Cynthia by name :
And long while after I am dead and rotten, 640
Amongst the shepherds daughters dauncing round,
My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry girlonds crown'd.
And ye, whoso ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye hear her memory renew'd, 645
Be witness of her bounty here alive,
Which she to Colin her poor shepherd shew'd.”

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Mov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake,
 And stood awhile astonish'd at his words, 650
 Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
 Saying, "Why, Colin, since thou found'st such grace
 With Cynthia, and all her noble crew,
 Why didst thou ever leave that happy place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee accrew, 655
 And back returnedst to this barren soil,
 Where Cold, and Care, and Penury, do dwell,
 Here to keep sheep with hunger and with toil?
 Most wretched he that is and cannot tell."

"Happy indeed, said Colin, I him hold, 660
 That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
 Of Fortune and of Envy uncontroul'd,
 Which still are wont most happy states t'annoy;
 But I, by that which little while I prov'd,
 Some part of those enormities did see, 665
 The which in Court continually hoov'd,
 And follow'd those which happy seem'd to be;
 Therefore I, silly Man! whose former days
 Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknown ways, 670
 Nor trust the guile of Fortune's blandishment,
 But rather chose back to my sheep to toun,
 Whose utmost hardness I before had try'd,
 Than having learn'd repentance late, to mourn
 Amongst those wretches which I there descry'd." 675

" Shepherd, said Thestylis, it seems of spight
Thou speakest thus 'gainst their felicity,
Which thou enviest, rather than of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spy."

" Cause have I none, quoth he, of canered will 680
To quit them ill that me demean'd so well,
But self-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell,
And eke to warn young shepherd's wandering wit,
Which through report of that life's painted bliss 685
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
And leave their lambs to loss, misled amiss;
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife 690
To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise; and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitful wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slandering his well-deem'd name, 695
Through leasings leud and feigned forgery,
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecy;
To which him needes a guilefull hollow heart,
Masked with fair dissembling curtesy, 700
A filed tongue, furnish'd with terms of art,
No art of school, but courtiers' schoolery:

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For arts of school have there small countenance,
 Counted but toys to busy idle brains,
 And there professors find small maintenance, 705
 But to be instruments of others gains:
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Unless to please it self it can apply,
 But shouldred is, or out of door quite shrit,
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for melody: 710
 For each man's worth is measur'd by his weed,
 As harts by horns, or asses by their ears;
 Yet asses be not all whose ears exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bears:
 For highest looks have not the highest mind, 715
 Nor haughty words most full of highest thought;
 But are like bladders blowen up with wind,
 That being prick'd do vanish into nought.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanity
 Nought else but smoke that fumeth soon away; 720
 Such is their glory that in simple eye
 Seem greatest when their garments are most gay:
 So they themselves for praise of fools do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell, 725
 And purchase highest rooms in bower and hall,
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
 Do wander up and down despis'd of all;
 Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdains so much, that none them in doth call." 730

" Ah! Colin, then said Hobbinol, the blame
 Which thou imputeſt is too generall,
 As if not any gentle wit of name,
 Nor honeſt mind, might there be found at all:
 For well I wot, ſith I my ſelf was there 735
 To wait on Lobbin (Lobbin well thou kneweſt)
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
 As ever elſe in prince's court thou vieweſt;
 Of which among you many yet remain,
 Whoſe names I cannot readily now gueſs; 740
 Thoſe that poor ſuters papers do retain,
 And thoſe that ſkill of medicine profeſs,
 And thoſe that do to Cynthia expound
 The ledden of ſtrange languages in charge;
 For Cynthia doth in ſciences abound, 745
 And gives to their profeſſors ſtipends large;
 Therefore unjuſtly thou dooſt wite them all
 For that which thou miſlikeſt in a few."

" Blame is, quoth he, more blameleſſe general,
 Than that which private errors doth purſue; 750
 For well I wote that there amongſt them be
 Full many perſons of right worthy parts,
 Both for report of ſpotleſſe honeſty,
 And for profeſſion of all learned arts,
 Whoſe praiſe hereby no whit impaired is, 755
 Though blame do light on thoſe that faulty be;
 For all the reſt do moſt-what fare amiſſe,
 And yet their own miſfaring will not ſee;

For either they be puffed up with pride,
 Or fraught with envy, that their galls do swell, 760
 Or they their days to idleness divide,
 Or drowned lie in pleasure's wastful well,
 In which, like moldwarps, noussing still they lurk,
 Unmindful of chief parts of manliness,
 And do themselves, for want of other work, 765
 Vain votaries of lazy Love profess,
 Whose service high so basely they ensue,
 That Cupid's self of them ashamed is,
 And mustring all his men in Venus' view,
 Denies them quite for servitors of his." 770

"And is Love, then, said Corilas, once known
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
 I weened sure he was our god alone,
 And only wooon'd in fields and forests here."

"Not so, quoth he, love most aboundeth there; 775
 For all the walls and windows there are writ
 All full of love, and love, and love, my Dear,
 And all their talk and study is of it;
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seem,
 Unless that some gay mistress' badg he bears; 780
 Ne any one himself doth ought esteem,
 Unless he swim in love up to the ears:
 But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise devise
 Than we poor shepherds are accustom'd here, 785
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise:

For with leud speeches and licentious deeds
 His mighty mysteries they do profane,
 And use his idle name to other needs,
 But as a complement for courting vain : 790
 So him they do not serve as they profess,
 But make him serve to them for sordid uses.
 Ah! my dread Lord, that dost liege hearts possess,
 Avenge thy self on them for their abuses.
 But we, poor shepherds, whether rightly so, 795
 Or through our rudeness into error led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go,
 To serve that god that is so greatly dread ;
 For him the greatest of the gods we deem,
 Born without sire or couples of one kind, 800
 For Venus' self doth solely couples seem,
 Both male and female, through commixture join'd :
 So pure and spotless Cupid forth she brought,
 And in the Gardens of Adonis nurs'd,
 Where growing, he his own perfection wrought, 805
 And shortly was of all the gods the first :
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Jove himself his power began to dread,
 And taking up to heaven, him godded new : 810
 From thence he shoots his arrows every where
 Into the world, at random, as he will,
 On us frail men, his wretched vassals here,
 Like as himself us pleaseth save or spill :

So we him worship, so we him adore, 815
 With humble hearts to heaven up-listed hie,
 That to true loves he may us evermore
 Prefer, and of their grace us dignify:
 Ne is there shepherd, ne yet shepherd's swain,
 Whatever feeds in forest or in field, 820
 That dare with evil deed or leasing vain
 Blaspheme his power, or terms unworthy yield."

"Shepherd, it seems that some celestial rage
 Of love, quoth Cuddy, is breath'd into thy breast,
 That poureth forth these oracles so sage, 825
 Of that high power wherewith thou art possesst;
 But never wist I till this present day,
 Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
 That he was such an one as thou doost say,
 And so religiously to be esteem'd : 830
 Well may it seem by this thy deep insight,
 That of that god the priest thou shouldest be;
 So well thou wot'st the mystery of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Love's perfection perfectly to speak, 835
 Or of his nature rightly to define,
 Indeed, faith Colin, passeth reason's reach,
 And needs his priest t'express his power divine;
 For long before the world he was ybore,
 And bred above in Venus' bosom dear; 840
 For by his power the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appear :

For how should else things so far from attone,
 And so great enemies as of them be,
 Be ever drawn together into one, 845
 And taught in such accordance to agree?
 Through him the cold began to covet heat,
 And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
 And th' heavie down to poize, the hungry t'eat,
 And voidness to seek full satiety: 850
 So being former foes, they waxed friends,
 And 'gan by little learn to love each other;
 So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
 Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother:
 Then first 'gan heaven out of darkness dread 855
 For to appear, and brought forth cheerful Day;
 Next 'gan the Earth to shew her naked head
 Out of deep waters, which her drown'd alway;
 And shortly after every living wight
 Crept forth, like worms out of their slimy Nature, 860
 Soon as on them the sun's life-giving light
 Had poured kindly heat and formal feature:
 Thenceforth they 'gan each one his like to love,
 And like himself desire for to beget:
 The lion chose his mate, the turtle-dove 865
 Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet:
 But man, that had the spark of reason's might
 More than the rest, to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
 Like as himself was fairest by creation: 870

For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind,
Against whose power nor God nor man can find 875
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But being hurt, seek to be medicin'd
Of her that first did stir that mortal stownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the sky, 880
Whence he them hears, and when he list shew grace,
Does grant them grace, that otherwise would die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful saw,
All being made the vassals of his might 885
Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem,
And with chaste heart to honour him alway;
But who so else doth otherwise esteem
Are out-laws, and his lore do disobey; 890
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyal lust;
Ne 'mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thrust."
So having said, Melissa spake at will; 895
"Colin, thou now full deeply hast divin'd
Of love and beauty, and with wondrous skill
Hast Cupid's self depainted in his kind:

To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
 That doost their cause so mightily defend; 900
 But most all women are thy debtors found,
 That doost their bounty still so much commend."

"That ill, said Hobbinol, they him requite;
 For having loved ever one most dear,
 He is repaid with scorn and foul despite; 905
 That yrks each gentle heart which it doth hear."

"Indeed, said Lucid, I have often heard
 Fair Rosalinde of divers foully blamed
 For being to that swain too cruell hardy
 That her bright glory else hath much defamed: 910
 But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
 To use him so that loved her so well?
 Or who with blame can justly her upbraid
 For loving not? for who can love compel?
 And sooth to say, it is fool-hardy thing 915
 Rashly to witen creatures so divine;
 For demi-gods they be, and first did spring
 From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine.
 And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
 How one that fairest Helene did revile, 920
 Through judgment of the gods, to been ywroken,
 Lost both his eyes, and so remain'd long while,
 Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
 And made amends to her with treble praise:
 Beware, therefore, ye Grooms, I read betimes, 925
 How rashly blame of Rosalinde ye raise."

“ Ah! Shepherds, then said Colin, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of things celestial, which ye never saw ; 930
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds' daughters which emongst you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base, 935
But to my self the blame, that lookt so hie ;
So high her thoughts as she her self have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye :
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love, 940
Yet that I may her honour paravaunt,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above ;
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured ;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief 945
And ease of pain, which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow-Shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness be
That her's I die, nought to the world denying 950
This simple trophy of her great conquest.”
So having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest ;
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest. 955

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

To the most noble and excellent Lord,
THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

*Wrong'd, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In cloudy tears my case I thus complain
Unto your self, that only privy are;
But if that any Oedipus, unware,
Shall chance, through power of some divining spright,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleas'd with his own insight,
Ne further seek to glose upon the text;
For grief enough it is to grieved wight
To feel this fault, and not be further vext:
But what so by my self may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.*

I.

We now have plaid (Augustus) wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have only playd; let thus much then excuse
This Gnat's small Poem, that the whole history
Is but a jest, tho Envy it abuse;
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seem than this Gnat's idle name.

II.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speake to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit poesy;
The golden offspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Jove's progeny,
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivory harp with silver strong.

III.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of poet's prince, whether he woone beside
Fair Xanthus sprinkled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Astry abide,
Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses' brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horns divide,
And the sweet waves of sounding Castaly,
With liquid foot doth slide down easily.

IV.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glory be
Of the Pierian streams, fair Naiades,
Go to, and dancing all in company,
Adorn that god. And thou, holy Pales!
To whom the honest care of husbandry
Returneth by continual success,
Have care for to pursue his footing light, [dight.
Through the wide woods and groves, with green leaves

V.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
 Betwixt the forest wide and starry sky;
 And thou, most drad Octavius, which oft
 To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
 O come, (thou sacred Child!) come sliding soft,
 And favour my beginnings graciously;
 For not these leaves do sing that dreadful sound,
 When giants' blood did stain Phlegræan ground.

VI.

Nor how th' half-horsie people, Centaures hight,
 Fought with the bloody Lapithæes at bord;
 Nor how the East, with tyrannous despight,
 Burnt th' Attick towers, and people slew with sword;
 Nor how Mount Athos, through exceeding might,
 Was digged down; nor yron bands aboard
 The Pontick Sea by their huge navy cast,
 My volume shall renown, so long since past.

VII.

Nor Hellespont, trampled with horses' feet,
 When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray;
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
 Delights (with Phœbus' friendly leave) to play
 An easie running verse with tender feet.
 And thou, (drad sacred Child!) to thee alway
 Let everlasting lightsom glory strive
 Through the world's endless ages to survive.

VIII.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed souls do rest;
And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many years remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Live thou for ever in all happiness.
But let us turn to our first business.

IX.

The fiery sun was mounted now on high
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden charet glistering light,
And fair Aurora with her rosie hair,
That hateful darkness now had put to flight,
When as the shepherd seeing day appear,
His little goats 'gan drive out of their stalls,
To feed abroad where pasture best befalls.

X.

To an high mountain's top he with them went,
Where thickest grafs did cloath the open hills;
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves far abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft green grafs feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffs on hie,
Nibble the bushy shrubs which grow thereby.

XI.

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twigs that freshly bud;
 This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
 Of some soft willow or new grown stud;
 This with sharp teeth the bramble-leaves doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her cud,
 The whiles another high doth over-look
 Her own like image in a crystal brook.

XII.

O the great happiness which shepherds have,
 Who-so loaths not too much the poor estate,
 With mind that ill use doth before deprave,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate
 Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
 No such sad cares as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedy minds of covetous men,
 Do ever creep into the shepherd's den.

XIII.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arrays
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye,
 Ne glistering of gold, which underlays
 The summer beams, do blind his gazing eye;
 Ne pictures beauty, nor the glancing rays
 Of precious stones, whence no good cometh by;
 Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
 Of Boetus, or of Alcon's vanity.

XIV.

Ne ought the welky pearls esteemeth he,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away,
But with pure breast, from careful sorrow free,
On the soft gras his limbs doth oft display
In sweet spring-time, when flowers' variety
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay;
There lying all at ease from guile or spight,
With pipe of fenny reeds doth him delight.

XV.

There he, lord of himself, with palm bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine;
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitful Pales, and the forest green,
And darksom caves in pleasant vallies pight,
Whereas continual shade is to be seen,
And where fresh springing wells, as crystal neat,
Do always flow to quench his thirsty heat.

XVI.

O! who can lead then a more happy life
Than he, that with clean mind, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knows nor bloody strife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleet doth fear,
Ne runs in peril of foes cruel knife,
That in the sacred temples he may rear
A trophæe of his glittering spoils and treasure,
Or may abound with riches above measure?

XVII.

Of him his God is worshipt with his syth,
 And not with skill of craftman polished;
 He joys in groves, and makes himself full blyth
 With sundry flowers in wild fields gathered:
 Ne frankincense he from Panchæa buyth;
 Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmless head,
 And perfect Pleasure builds her joyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares, that rich men's hearts devour.

XVIII.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
 To this his mind and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiet's matchless treasure,
 Content with any food that God doth send;
 And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisure,
 Unto sweet sleep he may securely lend,
 In some cool shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chewed cuds do eat.

XIX.

O Flocks! O Fauns! and, O ye pleasant Springs
 Of Tempe! where the country nymphs are rise,
 Through whose not costly care each shepherd sings
 As merry notes upon his rustick life
 As that Astræan bard whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as joyful life,
 Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyl,
 In which fond men do all their days turmoyl.

XX.

In such delights, whilst thus his careless time
 This shepherd drives, upleaning on his batt,
 And on shrill reeds chaunting his rustick rime,
 Hyperion throwing forth his beams full hott,
 Into the highest top of heaven 'gan clime,
 And the world parting by an equal lott,
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
 As the great Ocean doth himself divide.

XXI.

Then 'gan the shepherd gather into one
 His stragling goats, and drave them to a foord,
 Whose cærule stream, rombling in pibble-stone,
 Crept under moss as green as any goord.
 Now had the sun half heaven overgone,
 When he his herd back from that water foord
 Drave from the force of Phœbus' boyling ray
 Into thick shadows, there themselves to lay.

XXII.

Soon as he them plac't in thy sacred wood
 (O Delian Goddeſs!) ſaw, to which of yore
 Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus' brood,
 Cruell Agave, flying vengeance ſore
 Of King Niſtileus, for the guilty blood
 Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
 There ſhe half frantick, having ſlain her ſon,
 Did ſhroud her ſelf, like puniſhment to ſhun.

XXIII.

Here also playing on the grassie green,
Wood-gods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies, oft were dancing seen.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress
The streams of Hebrus with his songs, I ween,
As that fair troop of wooddy goddeffes
Stay'd thee (O Peneus !) pouring forth to thee,
From chearful looks, great mirth and gladfom glee.

XXIV.

The very nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmur of the breathing air,
A pleasing bowre, with all delight abounding,
In the fresh shadow did for them prepare,
To rest their limbs with weariness redounding :
For first the high palm-trees, with branches fair,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoot up their heads into the skyes.

XXV.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses' men, whom rapt with sweetness new
Taking to host, it quite from him did stay ;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hue
The Sun's sad daughters wail'd the rash decay
Of Phæton, whose limbs, with lightning rent,
They gathering up with sweet tears did lament.

XXVI.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternal hurt left unto many one,
Whom als accompanied the oak of yore,
Through fatal charms transform'd to such an one;
The oak, whose acorns were our food before
That Ceres' seed of mortal men was known,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sown.

XXVII.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded pine,
The great Argoan ship's brave ornament,
Whom Golden Fleece did make an heavenly sign,
Which coveting, with his high top's extent
To make the mountains touch the stars divine,
Decks all the forest with embellishment,
And the black holm, that loves the watry vale,
And the sweet cypress, sign of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Emongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with grasping hold,
Lest that the poplar happily should rew
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top surview,
And paint with pallid green her buds of gold;
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Nor yet unmindful of her old reprecach.

XXIX.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
 Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
 And under them a silver spring forth pouring
 His trickling streams, a gentle murmur sent;
 Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
 Of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent,
 And thrill grasshoppers chirped them around,
 All which the airy echo did resound.

XXX.

In this so pleasant place this shepherd's flock
 Lay every where, their weary limbs to rest
 On every bush and every hollow rock,
 Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best,
 The whiles the shepherd self tending his stock,
 Sate by the fountain side, in shade to rest,
 Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him,
 Display'd on ground, and siezed every lim.

XXXI.

Of trechery or trains nought took he keep;
 But, loosely on the grassy green dispreed,
 His dearest life did trust to careless sleep,
 Which weighing down his drouping drowfie hed,
 In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
 Devoid of care, and fear of all falshed,
 Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,
 Bid strange mischance his quietness to spill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that same place,
An huge great serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himself in morish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himself to hide;
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandish'd tongue the empty air did gride,
And wrapt his scaly boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

XXXIII.

Now more and more having himself enroll'd,
His glittering brest he listeth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with stern looks to threaten kindled yre.

XXXIV.

Thus wise long time he did himself dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and most trusty guide;
Eftsoons more fierce in visage and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends, that might his passage stay.

XXXV.

Much he disdains that any one should dare
 To come unto his haunt, for which intent
 He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
 The weapons which to him Nature had lent :
 Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
 And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
 That all his track with bloody drops is stain'd,
 And all his folds are now in length out-strain'd.

XXXVI.

Whom thus at point prepared to prevent,
 A little nourling of the humid air,
 A Gnat, unto the sleepy shepherd went,
 And marking where his eye-lids, twinkling rare,
 Shew'd the two pearls which light unto him lent,
 Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
 His little needle there infixing deep,
 Warn'd him awake, from death himself to keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,
 And with his hand him rashly bruizing slew,
 As in avengement of his heedless smart,
 That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
 And life out of his members did depart ;
 When suddenly casting aside his view,
 He spide his foe, with felonous intent
 And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All suddenly dismay'd, and heartless quight,
 He fled aback, and catching hasty hold
 Of a young alder hard beside him pight,
 It rent, and streight about him 'gan behold
 What god or fortune would assist his might :
 But whether God or Fortune made him bold
 It's hard to read ; yet hardy will he had
 To overcome, that made him less adrad.

XXXIX.

The scalie back of that most hideous snake,
 Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
 And oft him to assail, he fiercely strake,
 Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre ;
 And for he was but slow, did sloth off shake,
 And gazing ghastly on (for fear and ire
 Had blent so much his sense that less he fear'd)
 Yet when he saw him slain himself he chear'd.

XL.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
 Of Herebus her teemed steeds 'gan call,
 And lazie Vesper, in his timely howre,
 From golden Oeta 'gan proceed withall ;
 Whenas the shepherd, after this sharp stowre,
 Seeing the doubled shadows low to fall,
 Gathering his straying flock, does homeward fare,
 And unto rest his weary joynts prepare.

XLI.

Into whose sense so soon as lighter sleep
 Was entred, and now loosing every lim,
 Sweet slumbring dew in carelesness did steep,
 The image of that Gnat appear'd to him,
 And in sad terms 'gan sorrowfully weep,
 With grisly countenance and visage grim,
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
 In steed of good, hastning his cruel fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I, Wretch! deserv'd, that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,
 Whilst that thy life more dear and precious
 Was than mine own, so long as it did last?
 I now, in lieu of pains so gracious,
 Am tost in th' air with every windy blast;
 Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
 Thy careless limbs in loose sleep doost display.

XLIII.

So livest thou; but my poor wretched ghost
 Is forc'd to ferry over Lethe's river,
 And, spoil'd of Charon, to and fro am tost.
 Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
 Lightned with deadly lamps on every post?
 Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
 Her flaming fire-brond encountering me,
 Whose locks uncombed cruel adders be.

XLIV.

And Cerberus, whose many mouths do bay
And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adown whose neck, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes do glister fiery red,
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten
With painful torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

Ay me! that thanks so much should fail of meed,
For that I thee restor'd to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pity vanish'd is in vain,
And th'antique faith of justice long ago
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

I saw another's fate approaching fast,
And lest mine own his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespass,
But punishment is due to the offender:
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankful will may it relent.

XLVII.

I carried am into waste wilderness,
 Waste wilderness, amongst Cymmerian shades,
 Where endless pains and hideous heaviness
 Is round about me heapt in darksome glades;
 For there huge Othos sits in sad distress,
 Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades,
 Far off beholding Ephialtes' tide,
 Which once assail'd to burn this world so wide.

XLVIII.

And there is mournfull Tityus, mindful yet
 Of thy displeasure, O Latona fair!
 Displeasure too implacable was it
 That made him meat for wild fowls of the air;
 Much do I fear among such fiends to sit,
 Much do I fear back to them to repair,
 To the black shadows of the Stygian shore,
 Where wretched ghosts sit wailing ever-more.

XLIX.

There next the utmost brink doth he abide,
 That did the banquets of the gods bewray,
 Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being
 His sense to seek for ease turns every way: [dride,
 And he that in avengement of his pride,
 For scorning to the sacred gods to pray,
 Against a mountain rolls a mighty stone,
 Calling in vain for rest, and can have none.

L.

Go ye with them, go, curst Damofells!
 Whose bridal torches foul Erynnis tynd,
 And Hymen at your spoufals sad foretells
 Tydings of death and massacre unkind;
 With them that cruel Colchid mother dwells,
 The which conceiv'd in her revengeful mind
 With bitter wounds her own dear babes to slay,
 And muredred troupes upon great heaps to lay.

L.I.

There also those two Pandionian maids
 Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
 Whom (wretched boy) they slew with guilty blades,
 For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,
 Turn'd to a lapwing, foulie them upbraids,
 And fluttering round about them still does soare:
 There now they all eternally complain
 Of others wrong, and suffer endless pain.

L.II.

But the two brethren, born of Cadmus' blood,
 Whilst each does for the sovereignty contend,
 Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
 Each doth against the other's body bend
 His curst steel, of neither well withstood,
 And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend,
 That yet they both do mortall foes remain,
 Sith each with brother's bloodie hand was slain.

LIII.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of pain,
 Nor change of labour may intreated be,
 Yet I beyond all these am carried fain,
 Where other powers far different I see,
 And must pass over to th' Elysian plain;
 There grim Persephone encountering me,
 Doth urge her fellow-furies earnestly
 With their bright firebrands me to terrifie.

LIV.

There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
 Free from all care, for that her husband's days
 She did prolong, by changing fate for fate.
 Lo, their lives also the immortal praise
 Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
 Penelope! and from her far away
 A rule's rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
 All slain with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

LV.

And sad Eurydice thence now no more
 Must turn to life, but there detained be
 For looking back, being forbid before;
 Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
 Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
 That durst those lowest shadows go to see,
 And could believe that any thing could please
 Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powers appease.

LVI.

Ne fear'd the burning waves of Phlegeton,
 Nor those same mournful kingdoms, compassed
 With rusty horror and foul fashion,
 And deep-dig'd vaults, and Tartar covered
 With bloody night and dark confusion,
 And judgment-seats, whose judge is deadly dred;
 A judge that after death doth punish fore
 The faults which life hath trespassed before.

LVII.

But valiant Fortune made Dan Orpheus bold;
 For the swift running rivers still did stand,
 And the wild beasts their fury did with-hold,
 To follow Orpheus' musick through the land;
 And th'oakes, deep grounded in the earthly mold,
 Did move as if they could him understand;
 And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
 Through their hard bark his silver sound receav'd.

LVIII.

And eke the moon her hasty steeds did stay,
 Drawing in teams along the starry sky;
 And didst (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
 Thy nightly course to hear his melody?
 The same was able with like lovely lay
 The Queen of Hell to move as easily
 To yield Eurydice unto her fere,
 Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

LIX.

She (Lady) having well before approv'd
 The fiends to be too cruel and severe,
 Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behov'd,
 Ne ever did her eye-sight turn areere,
 Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mov'd;
 But cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
 Seeking to kifs her, brok'ft the gods' decree,
 And thereby mad'ft her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

Ah! but sweet love of pardon worthy is,
 And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
 If hell at least, things lightly done amifs
 Knew how to pardon when ought is omitted;
 Yet are ye both received into blifs,
 And to the seats of happy souls admitted;
 And you beside the honourable band
 Of great heroes do in order stand.

LXI.

There be the two stout sons of Æacus,
 Fierce Peleus, and the hardy Telamon,
 Both seeming now full glad and joyeous
 Through their sire's dreadful jurisdiction,
 Being the judge of all that horrid house;
 And both of them by strange occasion
 Renown'd in choice of happy marriage
 Through Venus' grace and vertue's carriage.

LXII.

For th' one was ravish'd of his own bond-maid,
 The fair Ixione, captiv'd from Troy ;
 But th' other was with Thetis' love affaid,
 Great Nereus his daughter, and his joy.
 On this side them there is a young-man laid,
 Their match in glory, mighty, fierce, and coy,
 That from th' Argolick ships, with furious ire,
 Bett back the fury of the Trojan fire.

LXIII.

O! who would not recount the strong divorces
 Of that great war which Trojans oft beheld,
 And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
 When Teucrian soil with bloody rivers swell'd,
 And wide Sigæan shores were spread with corfes,
 And Simois and Xanthus' blood out-weld,
 Whilst Hector raged with outrageous mind,
 Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greek's fleet to have tynd!

LXIV.

For Ida's self, in aid of that fierce fight,
 Out of her mountains ministred supplies,
 And like a kindly nurse did yield (for spight)
 Store of firebrands out of her nurseries
 Unto her foster children, that they might
 In flame the navy of their enemies,
 And all the Rhætean shore to ashes turn,
 Where lay the ships which they did seek to burn.

LXV.

'Gainst which the noble son of Telamon
Oppos'd himself, and thwarting his huge shield,
Them battel bad ; 'gainst whom appear'd anon
Hector, the glory of the Trojan field :
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shrild
As the great clap of thunder which doth rive
The ratling heavens, and clouds asunder drive.

LXVI.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home again
To Argos, th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcan with his might and main.
Thus th' one, Æacide, did his fame extend,
But th' other joy'd that on the Phrygian plain,
Having the blood of vanquish'd Hector shed,
He compass'd Troy thrice with his body ded.

LXVII.

Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful Paris sent ;
And also him that false Ulysses slew,
Drawn into danger through close ambushment :
Therefore from him Laertes' son his view
Doth turn aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus' fall,
And est in Dolon's subtile surprisall.

LXVIII.

Again the dreadful Cycons him dismay,
 And black Læstrigones, a people stout;
 Then greedy Scilla, under whom there bay
 Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
 Then do th' Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
 And deep Charybdis, gulphing in and out:
 Lastly, the squalid lakes of Tartary,
 And grievous fiends of hell him terrify.

LXIX.

There also goodly Agamemnon boasts
 The glory of the stock of Tantalus,
 And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
 Under whose conduct most victorious,
 The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
 Ah! but the Greeks themselves, more dolorous
 To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,
 In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

LXX.

Well may appear by proof of their mischance,
 The changefull turning of mens slippery state,
 That none whom Fortune freely doth advance,
 Himself therefore to heaven should elevate;
 For lofty type of honour, through the glance
 Of Envy's dart, is down in dust prostrate;
 And all that vaunts in worldly vanity
 Shall fall through Fortune's mutability.

LXXI.

Th' Argolick power returning home again,
 Enrich'd with spoils of th' Eriethonian towre,
 Did happy wind and weather entertain,
 And with good speed the foamy billows scour:
 No sign of storm; no fear of future pain,
 Which soon ensued them with heavy stoure;
 Nereis to the seas a token gave,
 The whiles their crooked keels the surges clave.

LXXII.

Suddenly, whether through the gods' decree,
 Or hapless rising of some froward star,
 The heavens on every side enclouded be:
 Black storms and fogs are blown up from far,
 That now the pilot can no load-star see,
 But skies and seas do make most dreadful war,
 The billows striving to the heavens to reach,
 And th' heavens striving them for to empeach.

LXXIII.

And in avengement of their bold attempt,
 Both sun and stars, and all the heavenly powres,
 Conspire in one to wreak their rash contempt,
 And down on them to fall from highest towres;
 The sky in pieces seeming to be rent,
 Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harmful show-
 That death on every side to them appears [res,
 In thousand forms, to work more ghastly fears.

LXXIV.

Some in the greedy floods are sunk and drent,
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are thrown;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent,
Some scatter'd on the Hercæan shores unknown;
And many lost, of whom no monument
Remains, nor memory is to be shown;
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrygian prey,
Toft on salt billows, round about doth stray.

LXXV.

Here many other like heroes be,
Equal in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seats may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by lineage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereignty,
And doth all nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabij and Decij do dwell,
Horatij, that in vertue did excel.

LXXVI.

And here the antique fame of stout Camill'
Doth ever live, and constant Curtius,
Who, stiffly bent his vowed life to spill
For country's health, a gulf most hideous
Amidst the town with his own corps did fill,
T' appease the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

LXXVII.

And here wise Curius, his companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endless rest,
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fire's scorn'd fury to detest;
And here the praise of either Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd;
Trembling, their forces found their praises loud.

LXXVIII.

Live they for ever through their lasting praise;
But I, poor Wretch! am forced to return
To the sad lakes that Phœbus' sunny rays
Do never see, where souls do always mourn,
And by the wailing shores to waste my days,
Where Phlegeton with quenchless flames doth burn,
By which just Minos righteous souls doth sever
From wicked ones, to live in bliss for ever.

LXXIX.

Me therefore thus the cruel fiends of hell,
Girt with long snakes and thousand yron chains,
Through doom of that their cruel judge, compel
With bitter torture and impatient pains,
Cause of my death, and just complaint to tell:
For thou art he whom my poor ghost complains
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careless hear'st my intollerable cares.

LXXX.

Them therefore, as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behind;
But do thou haunt the soft down-rolling river,
And wild green woods, and fruitful pastures mind,
And let the sitting air my vain words sever."
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous cry, that any would have smarted.

LXXXI.

Now when the sloathful fit of life's sweet rest
Had left the heavy shepherd, wondrous cares
His inly grieved mind full sore oppress,
That baleful sorrow he no longer bears
For that Gnat's death, which deeply was imprest,
But bends whatever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
He lately slew his dreadful foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that same river lurking under green,
Eftsoons he 'gins to fashion forth a place,
And squaring it in compass well beseen,
There plotteth out a tomb by measured space:
His yron-headed spade tho making clean,
To dig up fods out of the flowrie grass,
His work he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on high,
Enclosing it with banks on every side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of green turfs edifice;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble-stone in order set,
That never might his lucky scape forget.

LXXXIV.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow,
The rose, engrained in pure scarlet dye,
The lilly fresh, and violet below,
The marigold, and chearful rosemary,
The Spartan myrtle, whence sweet gum does flow,
The purple hyacinth, and fresh costmary,
And saffron, sought for in Cilician soil,
And laurel, th' ornament of Phœbus' toil;

LXXXV.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre
Matching the wealth of th' antient frankincence,
And pallid ivy, building his own bowre,
And box, yet mindful of his old offence,
Red amaranthus, luckless paramour,
Ox-eye, still green, and bitter patience;
Ne wants there pale Narciss, that in a well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

LXXXVI.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatsoe other herb of lovely hue
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her self in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue;
To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The shepherd hath thy death's record engraved.

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